



BRANCHES·THAT
RUN·OVER·THE
·WALL·



LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS





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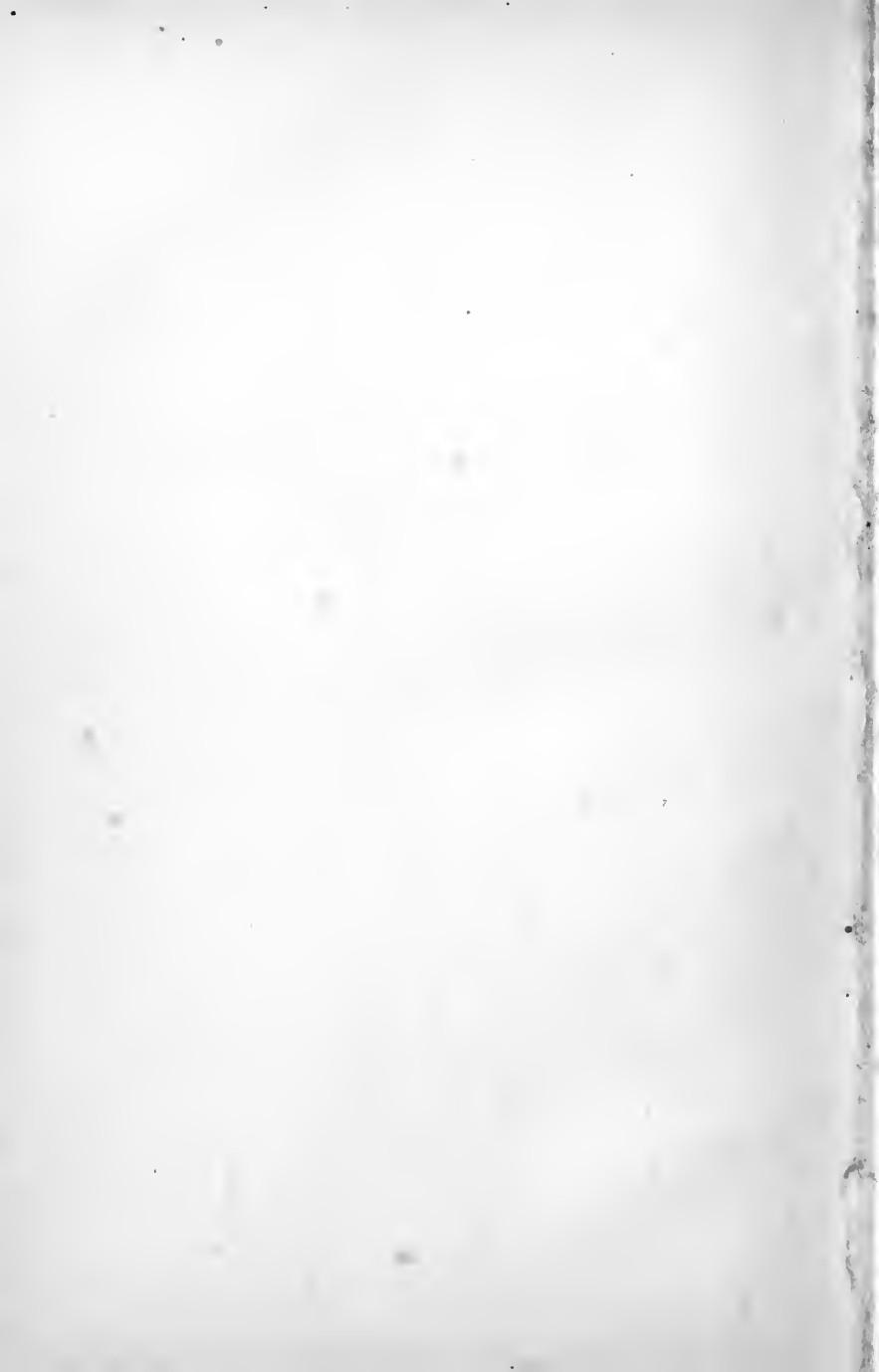
















"Joseph called the name of the first born Manasseh: For God, said he, hath made me forget all my toil, and all my father's house.

"And the name of the second called he Ephraim: For God hath caused me to be fruitful in the land of my affliction."

Gen. 41: 51, 52.

BRANCHES THAT RUN OVER THE WALL

A Book of Mormon Poem

AND OTHER WRITINGS

BY

LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS

(LULA)

“Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well,
whose branches run over the wall.”—Gen. 49: 22.

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MRS. LULA G. RICHARDS,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

DEAR SISTER:

It is wonderful how well the Book of Mormon narrative fits into blank verse. It must have cost you much labor, however, in writing "Branches That Run Over the Wall," to make your lines flow so smoothly and rhythmically, and I congratulate you on the accomplishment of this.

I like your device of prefixing letters to show which lines are historical, which imaginary, and which contain comments on the text. This will prevent misleading the reader, and yet allow you latitude enough to weave into the woof of the poem some iris colored threads of idyllic romance. I was amused at the pretty conceit of naming the wives by transposing the letters of the names of their husbands.

I have enjoyed reading your composition, and believe thousands will do the same. I sincerely wish it every success.

Yours with highest esteem,

ANTHON H. LUND.

September 10, 1902.

MRS. L. L. GREENE RICHARDS,

City.

DEAR SISTER:

You certainly have made a remarkably happy discovery in finding out that the language of the Book of Mormon may so readily be transposed into blank verse.

According to my judgment, of the many good things you have written, the poem to which you have given the title of "Branches That Run Over the Wall," is the best. Especially am I pleased with those portions where you keep so close to the original text. May prosperity attend the writer and the poem.

Your brother,

GEO. REYNOLDS.

Sept. 13, 1902.

AT THE DOOR.

UPON the threshold, ere I touch the bell,
I pause, and listen—and my heart beats quick.
Who are within? How shall I be received?

Now I remember that for friendly hearts
The world is full of friends.
I need not fear; why should I hesitate?
Ah! mingling with our friends, harsh critics throng,
Who give opinions ere they're introduced,
And judgment pass before a case is heard.
But, friendship's holdings must be stronger still,
Than cynics' scorn, or painful ridicule
Of careless, prating tongues, however sharp;
And love and truth and light, though simply clad,
And artless to excess, will rise—must rise
Superior to their opposites, and live.

This feeling quickens faith and quiets fear.
I ring courageously, then calmly wait.



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PART FIRST.



A POEM FROM THE BOOK OF MORMON.



PREFATORY NOTES.

Imagination is afforded a most magnificent basis upon which to build a world of romance, in connection with the thrilling, though concise historical outlines given by Nephi and his succeeding narrators in the Book of Mormon. And whatever originality may be claimed for the thought which produced "Branches That Run Over the Wall," the ground work, which is *truth*, has been conscientiously kept uppermost throughout the entire work; and inconsistencies therewith carefully sought to be avoided.

That the real and the implied portions of the work may be at once easily distinguished by the reader, the letter *h* precedes the *historical*; that which may be termed *supposition* is marked by *s*; *c* indicates *comment*; and where omissions of the historical occur, the asterisk * is made use of.

Readers who are familiar with the Book of Mormon will readily see that, excepting some idioms, to which objections are often raised by critics, the plain, easy language of that record has been studiously adhered to in the poem proper. This was done with the belief that the real worth of the effort would be lessened rather than increased by any marked departure from that simple style. For, like the Prophet Nephi himself, "My soul delighteth in plainness."

THE AUTHOR.



BRANCHES THAT RUN OVER THE WALL.



I.

LEHI, ISHMAEL AND THEIR CHILDREN.

- h.* **B**EFORE the coming of our Savior, Christ,
Six hundred years, as sacred records date,
In that great city, old Jerusalem,
Dwelt Lehi and his neighbor, Ishmael;
Both goodly men, well born and affluent.
Their sons and daughters, for each house had both,
s. Met often in the church and socially.
And as they grew from childhood into youth,
Fond sentiments developed in their souls,
From glowing friendship into flames of love;
Calm, warm and radiant, or fierce and wild,
According to the pulse of man and maid.
- h.* Laman and Lemuel, Lehi's elder sons,
Had tempers hot and wills of stubborn cast;
s. And two of Ishmael's daughters suited them,
And were in turn well pleased with their proud
ways.
- h.* But Sam and Nephi, younger brothers, were
More pliable, trustworthy, and refined;
s. From Ishmael's daughters chose they gentler
maids.

II.

DREAMS AND PROPHESYING.

h. In the first year of Zedekiah's reign, .
Came many prophets in Jerusalem,
Foretelling woes and dire calamities,
Which would o'ertake that people in their sins,
Except they should repent and turn to God.
And Lehi, as he walked alone one day,
For his beloved but wicked people prayed
With all his heart, and lo! before him came
A fiery pillar resting on a rock.
Great things he saw and heard; and for that cause
Exceedingly he quaked, and trembled much.
Returning home to loved Jerusalem,
In his own house he sought his bed, and there
Laid down, o'ercome with all that he had seen,
And with the spirit resting on him still.
Then in a vision was he borne away,
E'en that he saw the heaven's ope, and thought
He saw God sitting there upon His throne,
With choirs of angels, numberless, around,
In attitudes of singing, praising Him.
And from the midst of heaven One he saw
Descending towards the earth, whose brightness
was
Above the lustre of the sun at noon;
He also saw twelve others, following him,
Their brightness did exceed that of the stars

Which shine amid the firmament of heaven;
They came down to the earth and walked thereon.
The first to Lehi came, before him stood,
Then handed him a book, and bade him read.
Filled with the spirit of the Lord, he read,
“Wo, wo unto Jerusalem! for thine
Abominations have I seen.” And much
About Jerusalem he read; that it
Should be destroyed; of its inhabitants,
Many should perish by the sword; away
Should many carried be to Babylon
As captives.

After Lehi read and saw
Much that astonished him, he did exclaim,
“O, Lord, Almighty God, great are Thy works,
And marvelous! Thy throne is high in heaven,
Thy power and goodness and Thy mercies are
O’er all th’ inhabitants upon the earth.
Because thou art so merciful and kind,
Thou wilt not suffer those who come to Thee
That they shall perish.” Thus he worshipped
God.

* * * * *

Among the people then went Lehi forth,
Telling them plainly of their wickedness,
And testifying of the marvelous things
Which God had spoken and had shown to him;
Also of what the book he read contained;

How it was manifest that a Messiah
Should come, by whom the world should be re-
deemed.

The Jews were angry with the prophet then,
And mocked him, as did those of olden time.
They even sought to take away his life;
But 'twas not thus appointed unto him;
In tender mercy, came deliverance.
The Lord blessed Lehi, even in a dream,
Because he had so faithfully declared
The things which God commanded him to speak
Unto the people in their sinfulness.
And in a dream was Lehi also warned,
That for his words the wicked sought his life.
And that his days might not be shortened thus,
The Lord commanded him that he should take
His family, and leaving all things else,
Depart into the wilderness and live.

III.

SCENES IN ISHMAEL'S GARDEN.

- s. Marzo and Nalma, daughters of Ishma'l,
Sat hidden in the shadows of the vines,
'Mid trees and shrubb'ry rich with od'rous bloom.
The elder sister, Marzo, deftly wrought,
With quick and skillful fingers on a vest
Of costly stuff with rare embroidery.
But Nalma, idly and with listless air,

Pulled blossom after blossom into shreds,
And watched the scented leaves all tattered fall,
Or on a rippling zephyr float away.
And Nalma also crooned a strange, weird song,
Half grief, half desperation in its wail
Of disappointed love and wild revenge.
“Nalma,” the elder sister said at length,
“O, love-lorn maiden! wilt thou never cease,
Or change the senseless nature of thy song?”
“Peace, Marzo!” answered Nalma sullenly,
“Wait till thy prudish heart hath felt the touch
Of love’s hot fingers playing on its strings,
Until thine ear can catch no other sound.
Thine eyes are blind to all but love’s own light;
Then time enough ’twill be that thou shouldst
chide.

Dost thou not know my Laman comes today?
That he is late, therefore I must be dull?
Hush—Say not I have murmured—He is here!”
And Laman entered where the sisters sat
Embowered in Ishma’l’s garden; but he came
Not with the buoyant, free and careless step
With which he sought his love at other times.
A slow, uncertain, almost muffled tread
Made Nalma start, then listen breathlessly.
And as her quick eyes caught her lover’s glance,
She saw—she knew not what—but something there,
Which chilled her heart and made her bright cheek
pale.

He took her hand and pressed it silently,
Then drew her forward into deeper shade.
"O, Nalma! truest of all woman-kind,
And best beloved; how shall I let thee know
The cruel fate which threatens all our hopes?"
And Laman as he spake thus bitterly,
The trembling maiden folded in his arms,
While his hot tears fell on her shining hair.
"What can it be? O, Laman tell me all!"
Cried Nalma, weeping, though she knew not why.
"I can but tell thee, loved one, we must part!
Of more than this I'm cautioned not to speak."
And Laman pressed his lips to Nalma's brow.
"Not speak to me," cried Nalma, "all thy heart?
Not tell *me all* that thou art giv'n to know?
I am not, then, and I can never be
Part of thy soul; I'm not to be thy wife!"
"Thou sayest it, O Nalma! thus it seems—
But, here! I will not bear it! Thou art mine!
I will not leave thee! *thou shalt be my wife!*"
And Laman trembled with emotion strong;
And speaking further, thus betrayed his trust:
"My father's wild and visionary dreams,
Bring naught but trouble to his family.
He makes such enemies by his strange words
That he is fearful they will take his life;
And nothing now will satisfy his whim,
But he and all our household must depart,
Leaving our home and all our precious things,

Seeking for safety in some distant place.
But now I hold thee to my heart once more,
And I am strong my father to defy;
I'll tell him plainly that *I will not go!*"
"Yea!" Nalma answered with indignant look,
"Yea, tell him plainly and defiantly,
To go without thee, or go not at all.
'Twere better, if he must, that he should die,
So old a man, if dreaming brings him death,
Than that young hearts so welded in their love,
Be sundered, living hopelessly, or die!"
"Shame, Nalma, shame!" cried Marzo, who o'er-
heard

Her sister's passionate, unguarded speech,
"Shame, thus to speak of that most worthy sire
Of thy betrothed! O, thoughtless child,
To speak of Lehi thus, to Lehi's son!
His first born, too; unto the birth-right heir;
Who should his father's staunch supporter be,
His first, his best and strongest advocate!"
While thus the elder sister well reproved
The younger for her wrong and foolish words,
A strange and brilliant light came to the eyes
Of Nalma, as her lover gazed therein.
Close to his ear she placed her lips and said
In whisper low and magical, "Hush, hist!
I may not answer Marzo, but I see—
O Laman! I must be in vision, too!
Go to your father, say that you will go

With him into the densest wilderness,
Or where he will. This evening be thou here;
I'll come alone, and we can then talk o'er
Plans for the future as we may not now."
And Laman answered, "As thou wilt, my love,
I will not question." And he went his way.

The evening came, and with it came the two,
Laman and Nalma, filled with hopes and fears,
Treading with stealthy steps the garden paths,
Until again they met amid the shade,
And rich, sweet fragrance of the trees and vines.
Nalma was first to speak in voice subdued,
And long she prated, pouring in the ear
Of her adorer, wild, ambitious thoughts,
Which charmed and flattered, though they startled
him.

As side by side they sat, or gently moved
From place to place, her story thus was told:

"Laman, my Laman! Thou comest well;
For much have I in my mind to tell.
Sit thou here 'neath the almond bough,
Where the cooling zephyrs may kiss thy brow;
That brow shall a sparkling crown adorn,
For, Laman, thou art the eldest born!
Forth with thy father's household band,
Thou shalt depart to an unknown land;
There is naught to yield thee a diadem
Of all that dwells in Jerusalem;

But in fair, new lands shall thy kingdom 'rise,
And its grandeur live, though the old world dies.
To thee shall thy brothers their tributes bring,
And own thee their ruler and lawful king;
And all who oppose thee shall be cut down,
Still adding glory unto thy crown.
And I, O Laman! thy queen shall be,
To live and triumph and reign with thee.
Marzo shall never more cry me 'shame!'
But proudly echo her sister's fame;
For with wonder this city shall yet be filled,
At the mighty kingdom which thou shalt build.
O, haste thee, my Laman! go forth to find
Thy kingdom in greatness and wealth combined.
And wherever thou goest, I follow thee,
O'er mountain, o'er desert or raging sea.
I am thine forever, and thine alone,
And eager to share with thee, crown and throne.
As thy father in vision, I too, behold,
My Laman a king, with his crown of gold.
O haste thee, Laman! go forth and tell
To thy brother counselor, Lemuel,
This vision of mine, but to none beside,
For others would mock, and my claim deride.
Go, haste thee, Laman! put forth thy might,
To conquer whate'er shall oppose thy right!"

When Nalma had this wondrous vision breathed,
With strong but trembling hand on Laman's arm,

She plead with him to hasten e'en from her,
And work out swiftly all she saw for him
Of splendid, glorious victory o'er all
That might obstruct his sure and speedy rise
To fame and greatness and unrivaled power.
But sure as Laman was of Nalma's love,
And of her own belief in what she said,
He shuddered at the thought of leaving her
To find herself a way of following him.
And mournfully and doubtfully he spake:

"Nalma, my Nalma! I need not haste,
To find all thy sweet thoughts have embraced;
A kingdom, glory and wondrous pow'r,
For thou art queen of my heart this hour.
My father leaves all his precious things,
We may have all that such affluence brings.
Thou shalt be ever my peerless queen,
And I thy king, as thine eye hath seen,
Bid me not leave thee, my love, my own,
For the world itself, with its grandest throne!"

With saddened voice the maiden whispered now,
Into the ear low bent against her face;
"Wouldst thou, O Laman! sit idly down,
Nor win for thyself a *world*, a *crown*?
Thy younger brothers such sloth would scorn—
Yet Laman, thou art the eldest born!
The birth-right is thine, and with all thy love,

I will not rest until thou above
Thy father's household shalt rise and claim
Thy legal rights in thy royal name.
I will not rest, or be happy, till
Thou shalt my vision of thee fulfill!"

Still Laman answered low and tremblingly:
"Nalma, beloved one, thou dost not know
The depths through which we may have to go.
Thy beauty—the baseness of evil man—
No, no! I cannot accept thy plan!
If I go thou shalt promise here to wait,
Until I return for thee, soon or late.
Sooner or later, I'll come for thee,
For where I am thou shalt surely be!"

The girl responded quickly to his words,
While with her touch she urged him to be gone:
"Enough, my Laman, I answer yea;
I'll wait thy coming, now haste away!
Let thy power be felt, let thy place be known,
Then come for Nalma to share thy throne."

Laman then kissed her eager, upturned face,
And left her for an unknown lapse of time.

IV.

DEPARTURE INTO THE WILDERNESS.

h. Lehi, obedient to the Lord's command,

Took but his family and journeyed forth,
With tents and with provisions for the way.
His home, the land of his inheritance,
His gold, his silver and his precious things,
All these he left, and with undaunted faith,
Departed thence into the wilderness.
That one, lone family, traveling on and on,
Came to the borders near the Red Sea shore;
And nearer still they traveled by the sea;
They numbered six, Lehi, his wife, Sariah,
Laman and Lemuel, their elder sons,
And Sam and Nephi.

After three whole days
Of ceaseless travel, Lehi pitched his tent.
'Twas in a valley, by a river's side,
And Lehi built an altar there of stones,
And made an offering unto the Lord,
Yea, thanks he gave unto the Lord his God.
He named the river Laman, for his son,
And when he saw the river's water flowed
Into the Red Sea's fountain, thus he spake:

"O Laman! that thou mightest be like this,
Yea, like this river, run continually
Into the fountain of all righteousness."
And unto Lemuel, Lehi also spake:
"O that thou mightest like this valley be,
Steadfast, immovable and ever firm,
In keeping the commandments of the Lord!"

Because of the stiffneckedness of these,
Laman and Lemuel, his elder sons,
Entreatingly thus spake their father, whom
They murmured oft in many things against,
For that he was a visionary man,
And from Jerusalem had led them forth,
To leave the land of their inheritance,
Their gold, their silver and their precious things,
To perish in the wilderness. And this,
They said, because of foolishness,
And vain imaginations of his heart.
Thus murmured Lehi's elder sons because
They did not know the dealings of the Lord.
Nor yet did they believe Jerusalem,
That great, fair city, e'er could be destroyed,
According to the words the prophets spake.
And they were like unto the wicked Jews,
Who sought to take away their father's life,
Ere he had left them at Jerusalem.
And in the valley there, of Lemuel,
Clothed with the power and spirit of his God,
Did Lehi speak to his rebellious sons
In such a way it caused their frames to shake;
He did confound them, that they durst not speak
To utter more against their noble sire.
Wherefore, they did as he commanded them.
There by the sea dwelt Lehi in a tent.

Nephi, the fourth son, was exceeding young,

Yet large in stature, and with great desires
To understand the mysteries of God.
Wherefore he cried unto the Lord, and lo!
In tender mercy God did visit him,
Soft'ning his heart, so that he did believe
In all the words his father, Lehi, spake.
And Nephi never did rebel against
His father; and he taught his brother Sam
The things the Holy Spirit showed to him.
And Sam believed his younger brother, but
Laman and Lemuel would not hear his words.
Nephi was grieved for their hard heartedness,
And cried unto the Lord in their behalf.
Then spake the Lord to Nephi:

“Thou art bless'd
Because of thy great faith; with diligence
And lowliness of heart, me hast thou sought.
And thou shalt prosper, Nephi, inasmuch
As my commandments thou shalt always keep;
And to a land of promise shalt be led;
Yea, e'en a land I have prepared for thee;
A land most choice above all other lands.
Thy brethren, inasmuch as they rebel
Against thee and continue so to do,
Shall from my presence surely be cut off.
And thou, if thou shalt my commandments keep,
Teacher and ruler o'er them shalt be made.
And in that day that they rebel 'gainst me,

A sore curse will I place on them, that they
Shall have no power o'er my seed, except
They also shall rebel, and then,
Thy brothers' seed shall be a scourge to thine,
To move them to remembrance of me."

When Nephi to his father's tent returned,
After he thus had spoken with the Lord,
His father, Lehi, said to him: "I dreamed,
And in my dream the Lord commanded me,
That with thy brethren thou shouldst now return
Unto the City of Jerusalem;
For Laban hath the record of the Jews,
And thy forefathers' genealogy,
And they are all engraved on plates of brass.
And this the Lord commands, that ye shall go,
Thyself and brothers, unto Laban's house,
Seek and obtain the records thus described,
And bring them down into this wilderness.
And now, behold thy brothers, murmuring, say,
It is a hard thing I require of them.
But it is not that I require it;
The Lord commands it; therefore go, my son,
And much shalt thou be favored of the Lord,
Because thou hast not murmured." Nephi said:
"My father, I will go, and do the things
The Lord commandeth, for I know that He,
Unto men's children, giveth no commands,
Save he shall make a way by which they may
Accomplish that which He commandeth them."

When Lehi heard this from his youngest son,
He was exceeding glad; for then he knew
That Nephi had been greatly blest of God.

V.

RETURN OF LEHI'S SONS TO JERUSALEM.

Then Nephi and his brethren took their tents,
And journeyed in the wilderness again,
Unto the land, the city of their birth.
When they had come unto Jerusalem,
They there consulted and then cast they lots,
To see which should go unto Laban's house.
The lot on Laman fell, therefore he went,
And entered Laban's house, and talked with him.
And he desired of Laban, as they talked,
The records graven on the plates of brass.
But Laban angry grew and thrust him out,
And calling him a robber threatened him,
That he would slay him; wherefore Laman fled,
And told his brethren all that Laban did.
Then they became exceeding sorrowful;
The elder brethren were about to go
Unto their father in the wilderness.
But then, their younger brother, Nephi, said:

"As the Lord liveth, and as we do live,
We'll not go down into the wilderness,
Unto our father, until we have done
The thing the Lord commanded us to do!

Let us be faithful, keeping His commands;
Let us go down unto our father's land,
The land of his inheritance, for there,
Because of God's commandments, he hath left
His gold and silver and all kinds of wealth.
He knew Jerusalem must be destroyed,
Because the people are so wicked there,
Rejecting as they have the prophets' words;
And he, except he fled, would perish too,
After the Lord commanded him to go.
And it is wisdom in our God that we
Obtain those records, that we may preserve
Our father's language for our children's sake;
And that we also may preserve for them
The words which all the holy prophets spake,
Giv'n by the Spirit and the power of God,
E'en since the world began its course till now."

Thus Nephi did persuade his brethren that
They might be faithful to the Lord's commands.
Then went they down to their inheritance,
And gathered up their silver and their gold,
And all their many rare and precious things.
Again they ventured forth to Laban's house,
And offered him their gold and all their wealth,
If in return he would bestow on them
The records graven on the plates of brass.

When Laban saw the property they brought,
And realized that it was exceeding great,

He lusted after it, so much that he,
In order to obtain it, thrust them out,
And sent his servants forth to slay them all.
But Lehi's sons before the servants fled,
Obliged to leave their property behind;
And into Laban's grasping hands it fell.
The young men fled into the wilderness,
And Laban's servants overtook them not;
Then in th' cavity of a rock they hid.
Laman was very wroth with Nephi then,
And with their father; and he said hard things;
While Lemuel, heark'ning to Laman's words,
Was also angry and they harshly spake,
And smote their younger brothers with a rod.

- s. With disappointment sore on many counts,
Laman and Lemuel murmured tauntingly:
"All this, for records, supposed to be
For our *children*—who shall our children see?
Can we ever return to Ishmael,
And ask for the maidens we've loved so well?
Our riches are gone, our goods are despoiled,
Our lives are hunted, our purposes foiled!
My beautiful Nalma waiteth for me—
Fool that I was with my father to flee!"
"And I, my Luelme ever to leave—
(Though not long for Lemuel would she grieve!)
The bright little nymph is finding her way
To some other's favor, not mine, today.

Our foolish father! his visions and dreams,
Have perished our hopes as a drouth dryeth
streams."

"And Nephi—think'st thou we should follow thee
thus?

Thou hast brought all this grief on thyself and
on us!

Thou oughtest to die, yea, be smitten to death!

We'll smite thee as long as we've power and
breath!"

When Sam for Nephi humbly did entreat,
The vengeful brothers madly smote him too.
And then on Nephi turned again full force.

- h. While thus the elder brothers' anger raged,
An angel of the Lord before them stood,
And spake unto them, saying: "Why do ye
Thus smite your younger brother with a rod?
Do ye not know the Lord hath chosen him
To be a ruler over you, and this
Because of your iniquities? Ye shall
Again go up unto Jerusalem,
And God will Laban give into your hands."
When thus the angel had his message giv'n,
He did depart; and after he was gone,
Laman and Lemuel, rebellious still,
Began again to murmur, and they said:
"How is it possible God can and will

Deliver Laban into our weak hands?
For Laban is a mighty man, and can
Command his fifty, yea, can fifty slay;
Then why not us?" But Nephi answered them:

"Let us go up unto Jerusalem,
And faithful be in keeping God's commands.
For He is mightier than all the earth,
Then why not mightier than Laban and
His fifty, yea, or even than his tens
Of thousands? Let us therefore go again;
Let us be strong like unto Moses, for
He truly spake unto the waters of
The Red Sea and they parted hence and thence,
And on dry ground our fathers then came through,
Out of captivity; but Pharaoh's hosts,
While following, were in the waters drowned.
And now ye know, my brothers, this is true.
Ye also know an angel to you spake;
How can ye doubt? Let us again go up.
The Lord is able to deliver us,
E'en as our fathers; also to destroy
Laban as the Egyptians."

Still were wroth
The elder sons of Lehi; murm'ring still,
Yet did they follow on as Nephi led,
Until they came without the city walls.

THE OBTAINING OF THE RECORDS.

Night, over old Jerusalem,
Had spread its shadowy wings;
Without, three men in ambush lay,
Awaiting wondrous things.

There, Nephi had his brothers caused
To hide themselves and wait;
While all alone and silently,
He crept within the gate.

c. Nephi, alone! So young a man!
And yet, so brave and strong;
Because of mighty faith in Him,
To whom all gifts belong!

h. Nephi was by the spirit led,
Not knowing what to do;
Yet on towards Laban's house he walked,
The plates were there, he knew.

And as near to the house he came,
Drunken upon the ground,
Behold a man before him lay—
'Twas Laban, as he found.

The sword of Laban from its sheath,
Drew Nephi with strong hold;
The blade was of most precious steel,
The hilt was of pure gold;

Exceeding fine the workmanship;
The boy, with sudden thrill,
Was by the spirit then constrained,
That he should Laban kill.

At thought of shedding blood of man,
His heart within him sank;
"Never have I, at any time!"
He said, and from it shrank.

Again the spirit said, "The Lord
Hath placed him in thy hands;
And Laban sought to take thy life;
He heeds not God's commands.

Slay him! The Lord hath so designed!"
He heard the spirit say;
"To bring forth righteous purposes,
God doth the wicked slay.

'Twere better one man perish than
A nation come to grief,
Through dwindling and perishing
In doubt and unbelief."

When Nephi heard these words, he thought
Of how the Lord had said,
His seed, if they kept God's commands,
And by His laws were led,

Should prosper in the promised land;
How could that come to pass,
Save they could know those laws, which were
Graved on the plates of brass?

And Nephi knew the Lord, for this,
Placed Laban in his way,
That he the records might obtain;
He, therefore, *must obey*.

So, taking Laban by the hair,
Nephi smote off his head—
With his own sword—then clothed himself
In garments of the dead.

He took the clothing, piece by piece,
And put on all of it;
The armor girt about his loins,
Yea, even every whit.

And then, towards Laban's treasury
He walked with seeming ease;
When Laban's servant he beheld,
Who had the treasury keys.

As Nephi to the servant came,
In Laban's voice he spake,
Commanding from the treasury
He should the records take,

Which were on plates of brass engraved;
The servant brought the plates;
And Nephi bade him follow him
Without the city gates.

Unto his brethren there he said,
The records should be brought;
That of the brethren of the church
He spake, the servant thought.

For 'mong the elders of the Jews,
At night was Laban out;
Of which, the servant knowing, asked,
With no mistrust or doubt.

And seeing only Laban's clothes,
His sword and armor all,
He thought his master truly led
The way beyond the wall.

And of the elders of the Jews,
The servant freely talked,
And Nephi spake like Laban as
The two together walked.

When Laman, Lemuel and Sam
Saw Nephi, O, the dread
That seized them! thinking Laban came,
They from his presence fled.

Supposing Nephi had been slain,
And Laban sought to slay
Them all, they feared exceedingly,
And swiftly fled away.

But Nephi calling after them,
His voice they did discern,
And recognizing, ceased to flee—
'Twas now the servant's turn.

As Nephi's brothers to him came,
The servant, seeing them,
Trembled, and was about to flee
Back to Jerusalem.

But Nephi large in stature stood;
Strength from the Lord had he,
And seizing Laban's servant, held
Him, that he should not flee.

c. Lo, Nephi, youngest of those men,
Had kept the Lord's commands;
And through his faith, triumphant stood—
The records in his hands!

Ah, many ways the Father hath,
By which His plans prevail;
His laws are true, His ways are right,
His wisdom cannot fail!

But one way, only, is for man,
Life's purposes to fill;
Which is, to heed the Spirit's voice,
And do the Father's will.

h. Nephi with Laban's servant kindly spake,
And said, if he would hearken unto him,
That as the Lord did live, and as he lived—
If he would hearken to the words they spake,
So surely would they spare to him his life.
And Nephi promised even with an oath,
If Laban's servant would go down with them,
And in the wilderness with them abide,
He should have place and like themselves be free
Spake Nephi also of what they had done,
Saying it surely was the Lord's command;
And asked if they should not be diligent
In keeping the commandments of the Lord.
And Zoram, (that was Laban's servant's name,)
Took courage at the words which Nephi spake.
And with an oath he promised he would go
Down to their father in the wilderness,
And tarry with them always, from that time.

The sons of Lehi were desirous that
The servant, Zoram, should with them remain,
That to their flight into the wilderness
The notice of the Jews should not be drawn,
Lest they should follow and destroy them;

And thus when Zoram had made oath with them,
They had no longer fears concerning him.
The plates of brass and Zoram then they took,
And journeyed in the wilderness again,
Until they came unto their father's tent.
When Lehi saw his sons to him returned,
His soul was filled with joy and gratitude.

THE MOTHER OF NEPHI.

h. and c.

Sariah, mother! How thy heart was torn,
As o'er thy sons' long absence thou didst mourn!
With thoughts of Laman thou might'st well be tried,
Knowing his vengeful spirit and his pride.

Why shouldst thou not be fearful he might slay,
In his fierce anger, Nephi, by the way?
Or, that averted, thou wouldst ponder then,
Laban, with ease, might slay thy four young men!

Except the Lord, to show, had deemed it best,
To Nephi's mother, how *he* should be blest,
How could she know that he should surely live,
That God to him would such great favor give?

Though Lehi told her all these things would be,
Blind with anxiety, how could she see?
He named, to comfort her, their promised land,
And strove to soothe, and help her understand.

Ah, Sariah's faith was tried, when she was left,
To feel herself of all her sons bereft!
When we consider that sore, chastening touch,
We must believe the Father loved her much.

Sariah, mother! How thou didst rejoice,
To hear again the sound of Nephi's voice;
To hear him breathe once more the sacred name—
"My mother!" as into the tent he came.

Let mother hearts assume to count the cost
To mother heart that mourns her sons as lost!
Her joy unmeasured let them try to tell,
When God returns her children, safe and well.

O! Lehi, husband—Nephi, son, forget—
That Sariah "murmured." Let the seal be set,
Of gracious pardon on suspense and pain,
When, near forgetting God, she did "complain."

For if she said, "Thou visionary man,
To lead us from our home!"—doubting the plan—
"Our sons are now no more—in dire distress,
We're left to perish in this wilderness!"

She also spake, soon as her sons returned,
As though a mighty lesson she had learned;
"Now I do know that God commanded thee,
My husband, from Jerusalem to flee.

I also know, the goodness of the Lord
Preserved my sons from Laban's fatal sword;
He, of a surety, did power bestow,
That they could His commandments keep, *I know!*"

h. Lehi and Sariah exceedingly
Rejoiced and offered thanks unto the Lord.
They offered sacrifice and burnt off'rings,
Praising the name of Israel's gracious God.

Then Lehi took the plates of brass on which
The records were engraven, searching them
From the beginning. Lo! they did contain
Th' Five Books of Moses, giving an account
Of the creation of the world; also
Of our first parentage, Adam and Eve.
And of the Jews a record from the first,
Down to beginning Zedekiah's reign
As king of Judah, also prophecies
Of all the holy prophets from the first
Down to commencement of that present king
Of Judah, Zedekiah's reign; also
Were many prophecies recorded there,
Which spoken were by Jeremiah's mouth.
And of his fathers Lehi also found
A genealogy upon the plates;
Wherefore he knew he was descended from
Joseph the son of Jacob—Joseph who
Was into Egypt sold, and by the Lord
Preserved that he his father, Jacob, and

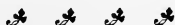
His household might preserve from perishing
With famine. And by that same God were they
Led out of Egypt and captivity.
And thus his fathers' genealogy
Did Lehi then discover. And he found
Laban was also a descendant of
Joseph the son of Israel; wherefore
He and his fathers had the records kept.
When Lehi had discovered all these things,
The spirit of the Lord did fill his soul,
And of his seed he prophesied; and said,
The plates of brass should go forth unto all
Nations and kindreds, tongues and people who
Were of his seed. Wherefore he said the plates
Of brass should never perish; and that they
Should neither be by time dimmed any more.
And much about his seed he prophesied.
Lehi and Nephi thus far had been true
In keeping the commandments of the Lord.
The records which the Lord commanded them,
They had obtained, and searched, and found they
were
Desirable and of great worth to them,
Yea, insomuch they could preserve unto
Their children the commandments of the Lord.
Wherefore 'twas wisdom in the Lord that they
The plates should carry with them as unto
The land of promise they should journey on.

* * * * *

VI.

SECOND RETURN OF THE YOUNG MEN TO JERUSALEM.

- h.* When Lehi of his seed had ceased to speak
In prophecy, the Lord spake unto him;
And told him that it was not meet that he,
Should with his family journey more alone.
His sons should take them wives, that they might
raise,
Unto the Lord, seed in the promised land.
And God commanded Lehi that his sons
Should go again up to Jerusalem,
And bring down Ishmael and his family.
- s.* No murmuring now from those stiffnecked sons.
Laman and Lemuel were but too glad
To learn of prospects promising to bring
The maidens whom they dearly loved to them.
Not only willingly but eagerly,
With hasty preparations went they forth.
- h.* Yea, Nephi and his brethren yet again,
Took up their journey to Jerusalem.



- s.* 'Twas morning fair in old Jerusalem.
And fair the maiden was who lightly sang,
Within her pleasant room in Ishmael's house.
It was Luelme, Ishmael's merry child;
And as she sang she decked her slender form

In festal robes and garlands for the day.
That morn the "feast of a New Moon" began.
"Thou wilt not join the maidens in their dance,
Nor with the merry-makers jest today!"
Said Nalma, coming to her sister's side.
"Yea, of a surety I truly will!"
Luelme answered with a graceful bow.
"And hast thou surely then no heart at all?
What would your Lemuel say to all this sport,
And he a fugitive, you know not where?"
"And knowing not, why should I mourn his fate?
It will be time enough for sorrow when
I know of something for which I should grieve.
Today I am determined to be glad,
And if I must, tomorrow I will weep.
Why, Nalma, as I danced the other day,
A young man of the royal house drew near,
And as I live he watched me ceaselessly;
Turn as I would, his smile was everywhere
To catch my glance did I but lift mine eyes.
Today he leads a thrilling festive song;
Ye are all 'dreamers,' to remain at home!"
And then Luelme gaily sang again.
As sweet and clear her youthful voice rang out,
Her father heard and smiled; he loved her well.

LUELME'S BALLAD.

My heart is young and my love is strong;
La lo! La lo!

To my true lover they both belong;

La lo! La lo!

My lover has left me and gone away,

But my heart I keep for him fresh and gay,

For he may return to me any day.

La lo! La lo!

Others may come, but my heart is true;

La lo! La lo!

I smile on all, but 'tis nothing new;

La lo! La lo!

For old as the world is a woman's love,

As constant and true as was Noah's dove,

All the gales in life it will rise above.

La lo! La lo!

That very moment, while Luelme sang,
And merrily made ready for the feast,
Out in the garden, 'mid its deepest shade,
Completely hidden by the foliage,
Two younger maidens knelt in fervent prayer.
Strange contradictions, these, of sisterhood;
But Ishmael's younger daughters were devout;
They, Mas and Ephin, for their lovers prayed,
While gay Luelme sang and jested hers,
And Nalma, sullen, neither prayed nor sang.
Those younger daughters, still but children seemed;
Yet Sam and Nephi, ere they went away,
Had held their hands and looked into their eyes,

Recalling merry games and pleasant times,
Which in their happy childhood they had known.
And then the young men said they could not tell
If they should see those maidens e'er again;
Whate'er the Lord commanded, they must do.
Now, as those sisters, Mas and Ephin knelt
Together, whisp'ring low and earnest prayers,
They paused and listened, for they heard the steps
Of young men, coming up the garden path.
They 'rose, and through the branches cautiously,
They peeped, and lo, beheld they Lehi's sons!
Laman and Lemuel they let pass on,
But Sam and Nephi stepped within the bower.
There to salute their maidens privately.

NEPHI AND EPHIN.

O, young, pure love! No holier spell
Is giv'n in mortal hearts to dwell!
And thine, O Nephi! what joy intense,
With thy faith in God, and thine innocence,
To look again into Ephin's eyes,
And, marking her rapturous, curbed surprise,
While clasping her shyly proffered hand,
To whisper, "'Tis by the Lord's command,
I come for thee, through all after life,
To be my angel, my love, *my wife!*"
O, Nephi, the joy that morn did bring,
Would cancel much of thy suffering!

And Ephraim, how bless'd was thy fate that hour,
'Midst the fragrance soft of thy garden bower,
With thy hero lover again to meet,
Whose words to thy soul were as honey sweet;
Thy soul, so faithful and pure and good,
In the modest blush of thy maidenhood;
Thy soul with his intermingling there,
As the kindred odors unite in air,
Must have caught some gleam, with thy spirit
 sight,
Of heaven's inner, diviner light;
And the nameless bliss that hour did bring,
Was worth long measures of suffering!

Luelme singing still her favorite songs,
Came from her room, as at the outer door
Laman and Lemuel approached and stood.
A little cry, hysterical, but glad,
Broke from Luelme's lips, and hushed her song.
The change of sound brought Ishmael and his
 wife;

And then his sons and all the household came;
And very soon they heard enough to make
Such strong impressions that their hearts were
 moved.

h. Their hearts were softened by the power of God,
So that they did consent to journey forth
With Lehi's sons into the wilderness.

But ere they had arrived at Lehi's tent,

Laman and Lemuel with stubborn pride,
Again rebelled 'gainst Nephi and 'gainst Sam;
And two of Ishmael's daughters with them joined,
His two sons also, and their families.

But Ishmael and his wife continued true,
Also his other daughters, numbering three;
'Gainst these also the stubborn ones rebelled;
And then they were desirous that they might
Return again unto Jerusalem.

Nephi was grieved for their hard-heartedness,
And unto Laman and to Lemuel said:

“Behold ye are mine elder brethren; and
How is it that your hearts can be so hard,
So blind your minds, that ye have need that I,
Your younger brother, should thus speak to you,
And also for you an example set?
How is it that ye hearken not unto
The words and teachings of the Lord our God?
How is it that ye can so soon forget
That ye have seen an angel of the Lord;
And what great things the Lord hath done for us,
That he delivered us from Laban's hands,
And gave us pow'r the records to obtain?
How is it that ye have forgotten that
The Lord is able all things to perform,
For all men's children, even as He will,
If it so be that they have faith in Him,
And exercise that faith in righteousness?
Wherefore let us be faithful unto Him;

For if we are we surely shall obtain
The land of promise and in future time,
The day will come when all of you shall know
That all the words of God shall be fulfilled,
And that Jerusalem must be destroyed.
For soon the Spirit of the Lord will cease
To strive with them; the prophets they reject,
And Jeremiah into pris'n have cast.
They sought to take away my father's life,
So much that they have driv'n him from his land.
And now behold, I further say to you,
If to Jerusalem ye will return,
Then shall ye also perish with the rest.
If ye have choice, go up unto that land;
But O, remember what I say to you,
That if ye go, ye likewise perish there!
For thus it is the Spirit of the Lord
Constraineth me that I should speak to you."
When Nephi thus had spoken, very wroth
Laman and Lemuel had both become;
And in hot anger bound they him with cords;
For they did seek to take away his life,
That they might leave him in the wilderness,
To be devoured by some wild beasts of prey.
But Nephi earnestly besought the Lord,
And said, "O Lord, according to my faith
Which is in Thee, wilt Thou deliver me
Out of my brothers' hands, and give me strength
That I may burst these bands with which I'm bound!"

When Nephi thus had prayed behold the bands
Were loosed from off his hands and feet, and he
Before his brethren stood, and spake again.
Again his brethren were angered much;
And sought once more to lay their hands on him.
But now did one of Ishmael's daughters plead
With Nephi's elder brothers to forbear;
Her mother and one brother also joined
In supplicating them for Nephi's life.
And lo! the elder brothers' hearts were touched,
Were softened that they sorrowful became,
And penitent, e'en that they did bow down
And plead with Nephi that he would forgive
The cruel wrong which they had done to him.

LAMAN AND LEMUEL PETITION NEPHI.

h. and s.

"Canst thou forgive us, O our noble brother!
Who have so sinned against thee, o'er and o'er?
More charity thou'st shown than any other
Could have extended, yet we plead for more.

Some evil, jealous spirit takes possession,
And leads us blindly, when we angry grow;
But now we humbly make sincere confession,
And bow before thee, penitent and low.

O may we never, never more offend thee,
Our faithful brother, from this solemn hour!
But may such gracious angels as attend thee,
Protect us from the great deceiver's pow'r.

For O, he is so strong! when we have yielded,
And given him space to occupy our hearts;
So merciless, to those who are not shielded,
By strongest virtues, from his treach'rous arts.

O, pity us, and help us still, and pardon
The wilfulness and wickedness we've shown;
And never more, we feel, our hearts can harden,
Against such love and mercy as thine own."

h. Then Nephi frankly did forgive the wrongs
His elder brethren had imposed on him,
Exhorting them to pray with all their hearts,
And ask forgiveness of the Lord their God.
And this they did; and after they had prayed,
Again they journeyed toward their father's tent.
They reached the tent in safety, even all
The house of Ishmael, and Lehi's sons.
And after they had all assembled there,
They did give thanks unto the Lord their God,
And offer sacrifice and burnt off'rings.

VII.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST IN THE WILDERNESS.

- s. When the sacrifice was finished,
And the offerings were burned;
While to other things important,
Lehi and Ishmael turned;
Their wives, those faithful mothers,
Together planned a feast,
For their sons' and daughters' weddings—
They could do that much at least.

And Ishmael's eldest daughter,
Grave Marzo, kind and good,
Helped "mother and Aunt Sariah,"
As th' eldest daughter would.
While her younger sisters, gaily,
With their lovers moved about,
Hand in hand, or running races,
With glad song and merry shout.

Their angels must have witnessed,
With much pleasure, from above,
Those eight young hearts all throbbing
With their sweet, triumphant love.
And it may be, if they listened,
O'er the rocks or through the trees,
Where in pairs the lovers sauntered,
That they heard such things as these:

LAMAN AND NALMA.

Laman.

“O, Nalma, beloved one! come down to the shore,
Where the river runs into the sea;
And listen awhile to the magical roar
Of the waters, then listen to me.”

Nalma.

“Yea, show me the path, O my Laman! but know,
Thou must hear when I’m speaking, as well;
For whatever we do and wherever we go,
I’ll always have something to tell.”

Laman.

“My Nalma! I know thou hast plenty to say;
But come away down to the sea;
And remember, where’er we may be, from this day,
I always can listen to thee.

Now, let us sit here, on this smoothly washed rock;
Wouldst like a divan of such stone?
I know of what thou art most willing to talk—
Canst think of this seat as our throne?”

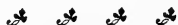
Nalma.

“Ah, Laman, thou laughest! I see though, for all,
As plain as those hillocks of sand,
That Nephi will sometime assuredly fall,
And Laman possess all the land!”

Laman.

"I'll name thee 'Queen Nalma,' so well thou canst
see;

For the future whate'er may be seen,
Today, ah, today, we most happy will be,
My proud one, my beauteous queen!"



LEMUEL AND LUELME.

Luclme.

"Laughing are the waters;
Why should Ishmael's daughters
Not be laughing—dancing, just as gay?
Lemuel, my lover!
Canst thou not discover
Some bright, happy game for us today?"

Lemuel.

"Is't not enough, Luclme,
That thou still canst tell me,
How thy merry heart is all my own?
When, today, we're married,
All the fears we've carried,
Will forever, *ever* more have flown!"

Luelme.

“Why not dance and laughter,
Ere our vows, and after,
Shall have made us two forever one?
Let us join the others—
Ho ye! sisters, brothers—
Races to the sea come let us run!”



SAM AND MAS.

Mas.

“I’m glad the sky is clear and fair,
That soft and balmy is the air;
I feared that we should have a storm,
Last eve when clouds began to form;
But they have drifted all away,
And everything is bright today.
As calm and peaceful as this sea,
I hope, dear Sam, our lives may be!”

Sam.

“Thy wish is sensible and sweet;
Yet, Mas, life would not be complete,
Were there no storms to make us strong,
To battle with and conquer wrong;

For wrong exists, and must be met;
And, dear one, we should not forget,
That though the clouds have flitted past,
They may be gathering forces vast,
To fill our souls with dire dismay,
When they return to cross our way."

Mas.

"Yea, when the weather is most fair,
For storms 'tis wisdom to prepare;
But this is what my hope should mean,
That clouds may never come between
Our souls to darken either brow—"

Sam.

"Beloved, thy wish is perfect, now!"



NEPHI AND EPHIN.

Nephi.

"Thou dost not know, my Ephin,
How much thou art improving;
Mid all the fears and trials,
The doubts and self denials,
That test thee in this moving.

So young thou wast, and child-like,
When in thy home I sought thee,
It seemed that years were wanted,
To bring such faith undaunted,
As these few days have taught thee.

It needed but the touch-stone,
Thy spirit to illumine,
To show, though but a maiden,
Thy soul with strength is laden,
Thou art a grand, true woman!

My gratitude, loved Ephin,
Is more than man can measure;
To Him who findeth, always,
Both great as well as small ways,
To give His children pleasure.

And thou, O gentle Ephin!
How shall I plan thy pleasure?
In all the life before us,
The griefs which may pass o'er us,
My wife, my purest treasure!

How shall I bear to see thee,
Because of me, in sorrow?
But God our course hath bidden,
And now, all cause hath hidden,
That we should sadness borrow."

Ephin.

“Yea, Nephi, loved and honored!
Bless God, who sweetly vesteth
In love and bliss our marriage—
Let naught our faith disparage;
In Him my spirit resteth.

I am what he hath made me,
For thy sake, who hast striven
To keep his sayings, always,
In great as well as small ways,
Though hard thou hast been driven.

If I shall but be worthy,
My guide and my defender!
Now that we are united,
The holy cov’nant plighted,
I must be still more tender.

If thou hast joy, I’ll share it;
If pain, I too must feel it;
I’ll see but as thou viewest—”

Nephi.

“Ah, Ephin, dearest, truest;
This fond, sweet kiss shall seal it!”



THE FIFTH COUPLE.

It was very plain that Zoram
Liked to help about the meal;
As often meaning glances
At fair Marzo he would steal.
Though she did not seem to notice,
She was thinking, as was he,
"It's a blessed thing to marry,
And indeed, why should not we?"

After while, he meekly ventured,
As they stood beside the tent,
To say, "I am a free man now—"
She knew just what it meant!
He took her trembling hand in his,
She would not raise her eyes;
But "tell tale blushes" gave away,
Love's innocent disguise.

She let him say, "I love thee!"
And she whispered, "If 'tis true,
Thou'dst better tell my father;
What he sayest we will do."
Went Zoram straight to Ishmael,
And said: "Can I contrive,
Thine eldest daughter to obtain,
And make these weddings five?"

For Marzo truly loveth me,
I love *her* as my life—”
“Enough!” cried Ishmael, smilingly,
“Thou’lt have a dut’ous wife!
It is well for thee to marry,
And ’tis well for Marzo, too;
I trust thee, Zoram, fully,
As a man who will be true.”

No need of grand receptions,
In that wilderness, all free;
Nor of costly wedding presents,
In those tents beside the sea.
With the seal of heaven’s blessings,
And God’s favor on their lives,
They were rich! those five young husbands,
With their loving, faithful wives.

VIII.

LEHI PRAYETH AND EXHORTETH.

s. After those solemn marriage vows were pledged,
When all had feasted and were satisfied,
Lehi arose, tall, dignified and grand,
A mighty prophet of the Most High God!
His hair and beard were long and streaked with
gray;

Bronzed were his cheeks with touch of wind and sun;
A soft, supernal light shone in his eyes,
And on his face the glory of the Lord.
Thus in his majesty stood Lehi up,
Among his household, gathered in his tent,
And prayed as one inspired and unrestrained.

“Almighty God! Eternal Gracious Father!
Whose spirit is as boundless as the sea;
As Thy great sun enliveneth all nature,
Thy love doth warm and light the souls of men!
Thy love! The greatest of all that existeth
In all Thou hast created by Thy pow’r;
A portion of that holy love, transmitted,
Hath brought together and united *these*,
These trusting hearts, these young men and these
 maidens

Of royal lineage, from Joseph’s house;
Yea branches of both Ephraim and Manasseh,
Which shall spread forth and over-run the wall.
May love and trust abide in you, my children,
As on life’s changeful journey ye go forth;
A chosen, promised land awaits our coming,
Whereon, of you, shall mighty nations rise.
O, would that all of you, my sons and daughters,
Might but continue to be filled with love;
Which bringeth peace and joy and true salvation,
In which the heavenly angels take delight.
Remember, love and gentleness will conquer

All evil things; but pride and anger fail;
For love createth faith, and faith will triumph;
But jealous fear brings only discontent.
O, may *Thy love* abound in *these* forever;
These branches, which shall over-run the wall;
Much fruit and very precious may they bear Thee,
Eternal Father, Mighty, Gracious God!"

IX.

CONCLUDED.

h. Lehi and Ishmael and their families
Long dwelt and traveled in the wilderness.
Through many hard and trying scenes they pass'd,
Yet were they greatly favored of the Lord.
Unto the sons were many children born;
To Lehi also, in the wilderness,
Two sons were born, Jacob and Joseph called.
The Lord to Lehi and to Nephi gave
Visions and dreams, in which He taught His will,
And pointed out the way that they should take.
They journeyed till they reached, (as is supposed,)
The Gulf of Oman, or Arabian Sea;
The "Irreantum," called by Lehi's band,
Or "many waters," as interpreted.

There Nephi was instructed of the Lord,
In every detail how to build a ship.
And with assistance from his brethren, he
The ship completed, and they entered it
And crossed the mighty deep, from shore to shore—

The Indian and South Pacific Seas—
Passed from the Eastern to the Western world.

Thus, "Joseph's branches had o'er-run the wall;"
For Lehi to Manasseh's house belonged,
While Ishmael's lineage was of Ephraim;
And thus the promised land had Lehi gained.

Nephi was now commanded of the Lord,
Of ore dug from the earth, metallic plates
To form and 'grave thereon a record true
Of all his people's doings while he lived.
And Nephi did according to God's word.

Then after him came others in their turns,
Men whom the Lord inspired to records keep
Upon those plates of ore, which Nephi made.

Among the many great and mighty men
Who kept those records, Mormon was the last,
Save one, his son Moroni; and to Mormon came
The voice of God instructing him to take
Plates from the plates of Nephi, and abridge
A record from all those which had been kept;
And this abridgment, made by his own hand,
Should also after his own name be called,
"The Book of Mormon," thus it is today.
Moroni, Mormon's son, hid up those plates,
That they might be preserved unto the Lord.

One thousand years had fully passed away,
Since Lehi with his company had left

Jerusalem, and sought the promised land,
When that Moroni lived, who hid the plates,
By God's commandment, in a sacred hill.
And in the Nineteenth Century, A. D.,
That same Moroni who those records hid,
Came as an Angel messenger from Heav'n,
And showed and gave those plates to JOSEPH SMITH,
GOD'S PROPHET of the Nineteenth Century.
And Joseph, by the gift and power of God,
Translated part of the engravings on
Those sacred plates, (a portion being sealed,)
And gave the Book of Mormon to the world.

Return we now to Lehi, when he reached
The land most choice above all other lands;
Chosen and highly favored of the Lord,
The land of North and South America.
And over all the face of it spread forth
The seed of Lehi and of Ishmael,
While many generations came and went.
Sometimes they served the Lord, and pleased Him
well,
At other times they sinned, and grieved their God.
Great blessings or sore curses followed them,
According as their lives were good or bad.

Six hundred years had finally elapsed,
Since Lehi's flight from old Jerusalem;
When wondrous signs, in heaven and on the earth,
Gave those who feared and loved the Lord to know

The *great thing* which the prophets had foretold
Had come to pass. That Jesus Christ, the Lamb,
The Savior and Redeemer of the world,
THE SON OF GOD was born at Bethlehem.
Great was the joy of those who understood.
But many unbelievers scoffed and turned
Continuously to dark and evil ways.

Another space of three and thirty years—
Then swept dread scourges over all the land,
Unnumbered woes and dire calamities,
In which the more rebellious, wicked ones
Were all destroyed from off the face of earth;
And only the more righteous ones survived;
A calm there followed, and the land had rest.

Near to the Temple, which had been preserved,
One peaceful morning found a multitude
Conversing of the Savior. And He came—
The crucified, the resurrected Christ,
Came down from Heav'n and stood among them there.
He ministered unto them, blessing all;
He taught them His commandments and His laws,
As He had taught those at Jerusalem;
He healed their suffering, afflicted ones;
He called their children, and upon them poured
Such pow'r and gifts and blessings that the mouths
Of even babes were opened, and they spake
Unto their fathers things most marvelous.
He blest the little children, one by one;

The Heavens ope'd and angels joined their throng,
Encircled as it were with sacred fire.
No pen could write, no language could describe
The glorious things that people saw and heard.
Christ gave the Sacrament of bread and wine;
He prayed and wept with them; His joy was full.
The people worshipped, knelt and kissed his feet,
And bathed them with their joyous, grateful tears.

With this fair scene of Christ and His great love,
Shall close this faint, brief sketch of history.
But ye who have desire to know the truth,
Take now the Book of Mormon, read it o'er,
And find that it the Bible well sustains.
The scoffer hath derided, saying that
The Book of Mormon story of the Christ
Is from the Bible filched; the scoffer errs.
Had he but carefully examined both,
He must have seen, if having eyes he sees,
That by comparing these two *books of books*,
The one establishes the other's truth.

My further testimony holds no proof,
May seem superfluous; yet I will add,
That by the Spirit of the Lord in me,
I testify that He hath made me know
The Book of Mormon is the truth from Him.
And so I say to those who seek for truth,
Take up the Book of Mormon, read it o'er,
Yea read it o'er and o'er and o'er again;
The seal of TRUTH is on it, IT IS TRUE.

PART SECOND.



CLUSTERS FROM DROOPING SPRAYS.







A REASON.

I SAW and heard the Niagara Falls;
Mighty, tumultuous, awful and stern;
Whose sound, o'er the earth, its traveler calls,
To come and listen, and look, and learn!
And I thought, were I weary and needing rest,
Were my soul with some weighty gloom oppressed,
I would seek solace—not here!
But a few, short steps from my little home,
Where the modest "City Creek's" spray and foam
Laugh, as its joyous waters leap,
With a lullaby sound, o'er the nestling steep,
Beneath the bridge, where with curve and sweep,
They frolic and gleam in the sunshine clear.
And I said, I'll continue singing my song,
As my path in life I journey along,
Though my notes be ever so faint and low;
Though they never should rise so clear and strong
As to catch the ear of the world's great throng,
They may brighten some desolate spot, as I go;
Some foot from a hidden thorn in its way,
At the sound of my voice may be turned aside;
Some soul that is sinking and gasping may
Be strengthened and cheered by my hopeful lay;
And our Father's name may be glorified.

A WELCOME TO FATHER.

On his Return from an Eastern Mission,
Smithfield, April 10, 1870.

TUNE—"Love at Home."

NOW we greet thee, father dear;
Welcome, welcome home.
Brightest day of all the year,
Brings thy welcome home.
On each lip the accent dwells,
Every eye the gladness tells,
Every heart with rapture swells,
Singing welcome home.
Welcome home,
Welcome home,
Every heart with rapture swells,
Singing welcome home.

While the gloomy, wint'ry day,
Hovered o'er our home,
We could only trust and pray,
God would guide thee home;
Cometh now the joyous spring,
Peace and bliss with thee to bring,
Hear thy happy children sing,
Welcome, welcome home,
Welcome home, etc.

Praise we now that God above,
In our peaceful home,
For His mercy, grace and love,
Which hath brought thee home;
To thy wives and children, then,
To the hearts of worthy men,
Dearest father, once again,
Sweetest welcome home!
Welcome home, etc.



LINES

Written for Mrs. Susie P. Greene, addressed to a dear
cousin of hers, in England.

THIS glorious Sabbath morning calmly dawns;
The sunlight gives to earth a happy look;
The dewdrops sparkle on the fresh, green leaves
Like beads of glass and tiny rings of pearl;
The rosebush has her loveliest dress put on,
As if in honor of this hallow'd day;
The busy brook that runs before our door
Seems breathing tones of thankfulness and peace;
And birds and insects, cheery, bright and gay,
Sing out their praises, loud and wild and sweet.
All nature smiles; and through my being sends
A thrill of joy and gratitude and love;
Of joy and gratitude that I am *here*,
With love for Him who hath ordained it so.

Here, in my quiet, humble Utah home,
I found new friends and new affections formed;
A heart—yea, hearts that beat in unison,
And kindly gave me place. I share their joys
And o'er their sorrows weep—for *all* have griefs;
We are as happy as the earth affords,
Because we realize much the gifts of God:
But trials come to us as to all flesh,
To fit us for that home for which we live.
For, though our present home is very good,
And though we much delight to call it blest,
We live each day, or humbly strive to live,
For something higher, nobler, better still.

If thou couldst only see as I have seen,
Believe as I believe, know as I know—
Soon would the ocean, broad, be cross'd by thee,
And thou wouldst soon enjoy the scenes I love,
And deem it blessed to be here, a Saint.
But I'll confess, believing as thou dost,
There's scarcely anything would prove a charm,
To cheer thy young and ardent nature here;
For life so changed from all we there discern,
Could not be sweet without some purpose high,
Some object greater than mere worldly gain.

Here, every morn the herdsman's horn he blows,
And every eve the lowing herd brings in;
And at each time may young and robust boys
And cheerful, chattering, rosy girls be seen,
With cups and buckets hurrying to the yards;

And (would you think it,) I am one of them,
And oft a gay one, merry as the rest;
The art of making cheese I'm learning too,
And how to cook, and many other things;
Can churn, and make nice butter now, with ease.

You see, my mode of life is wholly changed,
And yet, though happy and contented here,
My heart still yearns for thee and other friends,
And dear, old England, my native home!
Yet never to return, no, far from that;
I would not change these rural sports and scenes,
For all the wealth and luxury of kings,
If that could dim the light I have received.

It is not splendor, wealth nor worldly fame,
Or ought that perishes with earthly dross,
That holds me here, or prompted me to come:
I came with purpose fixed, and thus remain.

To know I have embraced Eternal Truth,
And that its Founder hath my guardian been,
And constantly draws near to bless me still;
Though there are many hardships to endure,
And many crosses in my way of life;
To feel the hope of happiness secure
When I have fully earned that great reward;
To serve my God with all my mind and might
And dwell among the Saints of Latter-days,
Is all I ask, and all my heart desires.

SMITHFIELD, JUNE 12, 1871.

WHY I DO NOT CALL.

MY FRIEND, Nellie, and myself, were walking along the street, and chatting in a lively manner, when suddenly Nellie stopped short and said in a low voice: "Hush! Let's walk more slowly."

"Why?" I asked, and she answered:

"Because there's Mrs. K— crossing the street, and I do not wish to meet her, for I don't like her, and she always makes so much of me."

We walked slowly, but Mrs. K— saw Nellie and waited at the corner to speak to her.

I was a little surprised at Nellie's remark, for I had come to think of her as being so good and charitable that she would not allow herself to dislike anyone. Presently I was still more surprised.

As we came up to Mrs. K— she held out her hand with a smile. Nellie smiled back again, clasped the proffered hand warmly and said as if delighted at the meeting:

"How do you do? I haven't seen you for such a long time!"

"I know it," replied Mrs. K—. "Why don't you come over and see me?"

Nellie answered, "Simply because I cannot find time to go anywhere. But you must come and see me. Do come! Won't you?"

Mrs. K— said she would, and we passed on.

"That's the way Nellie talks to folks she doesn't like!" I said to myself. "Why that's just the way she talks to me!"

Yes, when she left me, it was with an affectionate and persuasive injunction that I should come very soon to see her. She always parts with me thus.

The more I reflect upon it, the more it seems to me that if my dear, loving friend could speak as she did of Mrs. K—, and then meet her so cordially, and say such pleasant things to her, she might do the same by me. I don't know but she means it all when she says in such emphatic tones, "Come and see me; now do!" but I am afraid she does not. So I have not been to see her lately. She is anxious to know why. If she reads this I think she will understand.

Mrs. R— is such a good-natured, affable, kind-hearted woman, that it always did me good to call on her. All formality was laid aside, and I could be so much at home in her house, and always felt that I was welcome there. I happened to call on Mrs. R— one day, a little while before her dinner time. She was particularly glad to see me, and wanted to know why I had delayed calling so long. She insisted on my stopping to rest and to have dinner with her.

I sat down near the center table and took up the album.

"O ma! here comes Mother N—," called out Mrs. R—'s little daughter.

"Well, I will not have any Mother N— here today!

I have had enough of her, and can't put up with any more!" said Mrs. R— with much earnestness. And I could see she meant what she said, or thought I could, though I had never before seen her so moved.

Mother N— appeared at the door. "How do you do, Mother N—? Sit down; dinner will soon be ready. How tired you look!"

Another surprise for me! Mrs. R— had regained her usual cordial manner and pleasant tone, and greeted Mother N— nearly as warmly as she had greeted me.

I turned the leaves of the album hurriedly, and arose, just as dinner was announced.

"You are not going?"

"Yes, I must."

"Oh, not before dinner! It's all ready."

"But I must hurry; I cannot stay—"

"You! Oh, now!"

"Goodbye."

And I have not called on Mrs. R— since, though I often meet her, and she professes to feel real bad because I do not go to see her. Of course I cannot tell whether she means it or not. I do not like to mistrust people, or to lay the charge of hypocrisy at their doors. But I do wish we would all be sincere.

JULY, 1872.

O'ER THE OCEAN.

O'ER the hills and rugged mountains,
O'er the broad and dusty plain,
O'er the blue and briny waters,
Far across the mighty main;
By the holy angels guarded,
Comes the welcome news today,
Zion's sons are safely landed,
O'er the ocean, far away.

Now with rapturous thanksgiving,
Is a father's pulses stirred,
While he bendeth low, and utters
Some deep, heartfelt, grateful word;
That his son has been protected,
That the voice he did obey,
Which had called him to a nation,
O'er the ocean, far away.

Now are calm eyes raised to heaven,
And a tear would seem to start,
But is quickly checked and folded
In a mother's thankful heart;
And she feels her anxious watchings,
God will more than all repay,
In the one that's true and worthy,
O'er the ocean, far away.

Brothers joyous, proud and happy,
Hear, and many a prayer ascends,
With the thought, "They, for the Gospel,
Left their Utah home and friends!"
Sisters, in their joy, forgetful
Of the weary, long delay,
Pray God speed and safe returning,
O'er the ocean, far away.

Now and then a faithful, fond one,
Eager grasps the precious news,
None may mark the glad eyes sparkle,
Or the fresh cheek's changing hues;
But good angels smile and pencil,
While a maiden's pure lips pray,
For her brave young missionary,
O'er the ocean, far away.

And for others, wives and children
Gather 'round the quiet hearth;
Some with secret prayers and blessings,
Some with songs of heartfelt mirth;
Oh! the thought of home must brighten
Faith and hope, with glorious ray,
For the faithful missionary,
O'er the ocean, far away.

AUGUST, 1867.

IT'S BETTER TO LAUGH THAN TO CRY.

I AM only a girl in the cold, proud world,
Working from day to day;
But this is my plan, wherever I can,
To brighten the lonely way.
I look around me and where they stand,
The weary, the sad and weak,
I smile and offer a friendly hand,
And these are the words I speak:
It is better to work than to idle be,
As it's better to live than to die;
To sustain one's self, and thus be free,
And it's better to laugh than to cry.

I have a heart of charity full,
For these sorrowing worms of dust;
And would brace them up while they drink life's cup,
So bitter, though oft so just.
But I know the Lord is over all,
Who can every comfort bring;
Attention to this great truth I call,
And this is the song I sing:
It is better to work than to idle be,
As it's better to live than to die;
To trust in God and His mercies see,
And it's better to laugh than to cry.

I often think as the world moves on,
And we trample and crowd and shove,
That a world like this, full of loveliness,
Should be much fuller of love.
We all admit that it must be so,
When God shall all things restore;
And this great, beautiful truth I know,
And I love to keep telling it o'er;
It is better to work than to idle be,
As it's better to live than to die;
To help each other and all agree;
And it's better to laugh than to cry.

There is plenty of work for us all, my friends,
And blessings we all may earn,
If we'll hold to the plan, wherever we can,
To offer a kindly turn.
I'm only a woman bearing a part,
In the world's great, busy throng;
Yet I may comfort some sadder heart,
By the sound of my cheery song;
It is better to work than to idle be,
As it's better to live than to die;
To accept this rule as a wise decree,
And it's better to laugh than to cry,

SONG.

For an entertainment given by the Relief Society of Smithfield,
on June 1, 1870.

TUNE:—"America."

WHAT are the noble rights
For which proud woman fights,
Upon this earth?
Unfraught with strife or fear,
The sacred rights most dear,
To woman granted here,
Embrace all worth.

To be an honored wife,
And lead a virtuous life,
To her is giv'n;
Her offspring pure to raise
In wisdom's hallow'd ways,
Teach them our God to praise,
And live for heav'n.

Not fearing hands to soil
With good and useful toil,
Ne'er counted vain;
Obeying God's commands,
Adorned and meek she stands,
In works of her own hands,
Chaste, neat and plain.

Not one alone hath rights,
The gospel all unites,
 To make us blest;
While charity we claim,
We freely grant the same,
Perfection is our aim,
 To know the best.

In unity and peace,
Which daily doth increase,
 And wide extend;
With power to relieve
The poor who need or grieve,
While blessings we receive
 From God, our friend.

Thus would we humbly live,
To Thee all honor give,
 Who grace bestows;
We hear thy Prophet's voice,
We in his words rejoice—
O! be the light our choice,
 Though fiends oppose.

Where truth alone is taught,
And wisdom only wrought,
 Thy saints would be;
May we our souls prepare,
To dwell in glory there,
Celestial wealth to share,
 And worship Thee.

WILLING OBEDIENCE.

“SO YOU are going to turn the cold shoulder to me, Fay; going to throw me off, and marry some one else.”

“Yes.” And Fay turned her half smiling, half serious eyes away from those of her earnest lover.

“Oh, Fay! can you doubt my love after all these years of devotion?”

“No, Elmour, it is not that.”

“And don’t you love me well enough to be happy with me?”

“Sometimes I have thought I did, but I don’t mean to think anything more about it.”

“Don’t mean to *think* about it any more! Why not? You must give me your reasons for this decision.”

“You know them already, Elmour; my parents object to my marrying you.”

“It is all very right and proper, Fay, for *children* to be obedient to their parents; but when a girl has reached a marriageable age, and her heart tells her what course she ought to pursue, her parents’ wishes should be of a secondary consideration.”

“My heart never tells me that I ought to follow up any speculation in opposition to the views of my father and mother. However old I may be, they are still older, much wiser and better able to judge of all

matters of importance. It is useless your trying to prevail on me to change my mind now, Elmour. Father and mother *must* be agreeable to the union when I marry."

"No one else will ever love you as I do, Fay; you will marry some one who cares little for you, and I shall see you unhappy."

"Oh, no, Elmour; don't trouble yourself with those vain fears for me. Who ever heard of a girl who was willing to obey the voice of wise, humble, good parents—parents willingly obedient to the commandments of God—marrying unhappily? You may be sure I shall marry well, and I hope you will. Be good and brave now; go and look after your business affairs; live so that every one can love and respect you. Then, when you really find the right one, she will know about it as well as yourself."

Elmour found that no arguments he could offer would make any inroads into the firm fortifications Fay had placed around her heart. And he left off pleading, and turned his attention to other things, as she had suggested.

"Why is it, Fay, that your father and mother object to my attentions to you?" asked another gentleman, sometime later. "They seem to like me as a friend; are always courteous and obliging in all other respects; but if I propose a walk or drive with you, they have always something to be placed in the way."

Fay hesitated, and the gentleman asked more pointedly: "Do you know why it is, Fay?"

"I think they do like you as a friend," Fay answered, blushing at the thought of what his question and her answer implied. He took it up quickly. "But they would feel opposed to me as a relative—a *son-in-law*."

Fay only blushed more deeply. She could not even raise her eyes to those which she knew were eagerly searching her face. The painful embarrassment she felt was occasioned from the fact that this gentleman had never really proposed marriage to her; and yet the fear that his attentions were of that nature, she knew to be her parents' chief objections to his associating with her.

Now was his time, he seemed to think, for he followed up the vein he had touched persistently.

"Ah! Fay, you must listen to me," he said, clasping both her hands when she would have gone away from him.

"You are not indifferent to me, Fay; you have manifested a pleasure in my company which has thrilled me with delightful hopes. I love you devotedly, my dear girl, and—"

"Oh don't, please don't!" cried Fay desperately. "All this talk is of no use whatever; because I never can marry you. You should have known that from the very facts you have just stated concerning my parents' conduct towards you."

"But why should your parents object to my marrying you if they like me? If they find that we wish to marry each other, most likely their small prejudices will be easily removed."

"They will not find that I wish to marry you," said Fay. "I never wish to marry anyone to whom they object, no matter how good or great he might seem to me."

"Well," resumed the wooer, becoming more calm, and taking a different turn, in hopes thereby to reach the desired end, "I should not blame your father and mother if they would be reluctant to consent to your marrying me; for, however good I may be, however much I may be respected by all who know me, it is doubtless presumptuous for me to imagine myself anything like worthy to be the companion of such an angel as you are, dearest Fay."

Even this pretty, romantic speech did not affect Fay as her admirer intended it should. She remained inexorable.

Other lovers came also, only to share a similar fate.

But after awhile, the patient, careful watching and waiting, by both parents and daughter, were rewarded. Yet the final and delightfully successful courtship which preceded Fay's marriage, had, in its incipency, no semblance of a courtship at all.

"I like Henri very much," Fay's mother remarked to her one afternoon, as the two left the parental

home of the young man referred to, after a friendly call.

"I like his father very much better," returned Fay. "He is such an intelligent old gentleman, yet so humble and unassuming."

"The same modest, charitable nature which characterizes the father also characterizes the son," said the elder lady. "And when Henri is as old as his father is now, he will be as intelligent."

"Perhaps so," Fay acquiesced, and then they talked of other things.

After that Henri and Fay met frequently; they were always friendly and affable towards each other, but nothing more. Apparently there was no particular attraction between them. Why should there be? He had an artist's eye for real beauty in all things; and, (speaking after the manner of the world,) "adored" the beautiful in woman; while in personal appearance Fay was decidedly plain. On the other hand she was a "worshipper" of oratorical eloquence in man; and Henri was but a moderate speaker and writer.

Fay was no longer in her teens, and was considered capable of taking a railway journey, making a visit and returning home unescorted. This she did.

It was winter and night, a cold, stormy night, too; when the returning train drew up at the depot, three-quarters of a mile from Fay's home.

No one that she knew would be going her way, no

one noticed or spoke to her. Even the conductor, who was usually on hand to assist lone ladies down the car steps, was busy somewhere else at that time. She got down herself, feeling that although she was moving in a great throng of her own species, she was utterly alone.

Knowing the circumstances and whereabouts of each member of the family, she did not expect any one of them to meet her. And she was dreading the little journey through the snow by herself, as she edged her way through the crowd, when a kindly hand was held out to relieve her of her valise, and she looked up to encounter the pleasant, smiling face of her friend Henri.

"Oh Henri!" she exclaimed joyfully, "how fortunate for me that your business has brought you here this evening. You pass our door on your way home, don't you?"

"The business that brought me here now, was to welcome you, and to see you safe home, Fay; so I am glad that you are pleased to see me," was the young man's cordial answer.

"How very kind of you Henri; but you are always doing some one a kindness," said Fay. "How are all at home, your home, and mine too?"

They chatted gaily as they hurried along, and Henri soon left Fay, bright and happy at her home. Not a word was said about Henri's going to the depot to meet her, but she could not help thinking about it.

Why was he not at the party in the Hall? she asked herself. Then concluded that likely something had prevented his sweetheart's going, and so, in the absence of some greater good to do, he had gone to the station to help her home. She determined to leave it thus, and think no more about it; only, that more than she had ever done, she would emulate Henri's generous ways by seeking for opportunities of doing good, and not being satisfied to do only that which might fall in her way.

"You and Henri appear to have become very intimate," a friend remarked to Fay; "shouldn't be surprised if a wedding comes off before long."

"Henri and I are good friends, but that is all," Fay answered. "We read the same books and are interested in the same subjects; further than that he does not care for me nor I for him. I think I know who his lady love is, though he is wonderfully reticent on that point. Doubtless he will marry before a great while. From certain little hints he has dropped lately, I believe he inclines that way. But that affair of his has nothing to do with me."

Fair, fickle April, with her smiles and tears, came, and found Fay unusually busy with her spring work.

"Going to Sunday School Union meeting this evening?" asked Henri one Monday morning.

"Don't know; 'fraid I can't get off," replied Fay. "I want to go, though, it helps me so much with my

class of young ladies. If I'm not there, come over and tell me about the meeting, won't you, Henri?"

"Certainly," said Henri, "but I called now to tell you not to miss the meeting for fear of having to come home without company. I shall be there if no one else is that you are acquainted with."

"Thanks, Henri, I'll go if I can." And Fay worked on, harder than ever.

Many obstacles arose to hinder her attendance at the meeting that evening, but she overcame them, and resolved to go. Quite unaware was she, however, of the importance which was attached to the carrying out of that resolution.

Going to meeting, she went out of her way to call on a lady relative, who, on being solicited, accompanied her. At the close of the meeting the two ladies stepped out together. Henri stood in waiting for Fay at the door.

"Let's walk home with aunt, Henri," Fay suggested. They did so, and after a short conversation at the aunt's gate, they passed on.

As soon as they were alone, before Fay had a chance to commence a lively conversation, Henri began what turned out to be a grave one.

"Do you remember what we were talking about the other day, Fay?" he asked.

"The other day? let's see. We have talked of so many things, I don't think of what you refer to now," answered Fay.

"We agreed to try a race, and see which would get married first, do you recollect?" continued Henri.

"Yes, I remember that, now you speak of it," said Fay.

"Well." Henri went on, "I've concluded to propose to you that we finish the race together; I'll marry you, and you marry me; then we shall both win, and each be entitled to the present which the winner should receive. What do you say to the proposition, Fay?"

"I don't—know—what to say—if you are in earnest,—" faltered Fay. "I never anticipated such an expression from you."

"Do not doubt my sincerity, Fay," exclaimed Henri warmly. "I am deeply in earnest, or I would not speak so to you. Since our happy acquaintance began, I have learned to love you very much; and although painfully aware of my awkwardness, and my many deficiencies in respect to all those outward graces which I know you esteem so highly in man, you have been so very kind to me that I have dared to hope that you might not feel entirely indifferent toward me. If I did not love you devotedly, I could not ask you to be my wife; but I do ask it, Fay; and now what is your answer?"

How strange it seemed to Fay for Henri to be talking to her in that manner. Stranger than for any other man to have said such things. He had always seemed so reserved in regard to those matters; and

now he talked so fluently, without the least hesitation; would not even let her break his sentences, but finished what he wanted to say before giving her a chance to interrupt him.

He did not offer her his arm, did not try to clasp her hand in his, nor even walk very near to her. But with his arms folded tightly upon his breast, he stepped very slowly, keeping a short distance between them. This, too, seemed unusual, yet Fay could but respect such conduct, feeling that the man who was now asking her to be his wife, was not much accustomed to wooing.

"I do not doubt you, Henri," she said, at length. "I am sure, since you say you are in earnest, that you mean what you say; and I shall answer you from my heart. That you are honest in action, truthful in word, pure in thought and ambitious to do good as any man I ever met, I am perfectly satisfied. Your friendship I appreciate very highly, and should be grieved to lose it. But I cannot say that I return the love which you would exchange with me."

"Thank you for your candor, Fay," said Henri, and there was an inflection of sorrow in his voice, which touched Fay deeply. "Sincerity is one of the noble traits I have always admired in your character. It is best that I should know the truth at once. For however much I might love a woman, I would never wish to marry one who did not reciprocate my love. However hard it may seem to me now to have my suit re-

jected, I realize that it would be far worse to marry a woman whose heart was not wholly my own, who could not be true to me in all respects, and happy with me forever."

This sounded even stranger still; sounded as though he were ready to "take 'no' for an answer" before she was fully determined that "no" was what she wanted to say. How unlike the eager pleadings she had listened to from other aspirants to her love.

It was the right course he pursued, however, though neither of those young people realized how much depended on Henri's proper management at that important period of their race towards matrimony. There was no designing on his part; he only acted and spoke as by inspiration from the promptings of a truly noble and unselfish soul. But had Fay been crowded in the least for a decided answer at that moment she would have said "no," and stuck to it. As it was, she reflected a short time, and then said:

"To think of your loving me, other than as a good friend, seems something so strange and new; something I have never thought about, at least seriously; perhaps after consideration and due reflection, I might—"

She paused and her companion took up the sentence where she dropped it.

"Might come to view my proposal more favorably? Thank you again, Fay, for giving me cause to hope.

And *will* you think about it—does it seem worthy of your consideration?” he asked.

“Yes, Henri,” she answered, “I will think about it; I’ll pray over it, too; you know such things cannot be safely decided without divine aid.”

“I have prayed concerning the matter a great deal,” said Henri, “and now if we both pray over it, surely we will be directed aright.”

Fay carried a large, red apple which her uncle had given her; she now asked Henri to peel and divide it, and said they would each eat half. Then followed a few jocular remarks in which Adam, Eve and the forbidden fruit figured prominently, and Henri and Fay separated for the night, he preferring not to enter her home that evening.

A day or two later Fay had a private conversation with her parents.

“Are you aware, Fay,” asked her father, “that Henri would like to marry you?”

“I know he says so,” answered the girl.

“You cannot imagine, surely, that Henri would make such a declaration unless he meant it; he is too honest for that.”

“Oh! I know he is honest and honorable,” said Fay, “but he took such a queer, blunt way of proposing to me.”

“Well, I thought you liked originality,” resumed her father, with a quizzical smile which Fay pretended not to notice. “So I do,” she answered, “and

I *like* Henri; but there should be stronger sentiments than mere *likes* when matrimony is to be considered, should there not?"

"I do not see how any girl could help loving Henri," said Fay's mother, "after having as good a chance as you have had to become well acquainted with him. There is nothing about him but what is refined, progressive, gentlemanly and worthy of any woman's love."

"He has the best understanding of correct and upright principles of any young man I know of, anywhere," remarked the father.

"Then you would both be happy to see me settled in life, in partnership with Henri?" said Fay; and both parents acknowledged that they would. Her own feelings, now, were all that were left to be thoroughly sounded; and she did not care to trouble any more over the affair just then.

Saturday morning found her still undecided, and inclined to put off any serious consideration of the case. She was making beds and was alone upstairs, thinking of a letter that she must answer, when suddenly she paused and said to herself:

"Oh! I promised Henri I would pray over that very sacred and important subject, and I don't believe I have done so once."

She locked her room door, and kneeling down, prayed fervently for Henri and herself; asking that she might receive, what even her faithful and trusted

parents had failed to furnish her—an understanding of her own heart. As she arose to her feet, the thought ran quickly through her mind that with all her imperfections and deficiencies, Henri had deigned to offer her his love; would it be any more than fair for her to give him her love in return for his?"

"Why I *do* love him, only I did not know it before!" she murmured, surprised at the new light which dawned like a revelation upon her. The "testimony" which Fay received at that time was "of the Lord," and was "sure." In all after years it never wavered or dimmed.

Following upon the new light, came a train of sweet and holy reflections, the sweetest and happiest Fay had ever known; although her path so far in life had, much of the way, been bathed in sunshine, with very little gloom.

What of the eloquence she had always believed her husband must possess? Well, what of it? Did she not know that Henri's soul was filled with that high, exquisite purity and grandeur which must combine to form a truly noble character? What difference could it make that he was not able to give expression to those lofty sentiments as many could, since his life proved that his heart held them all? Was not living eloquence far more to be valued than mere words, spoken or written? Henri *was* what the fine speakers say men *should be*. The thought comforted and satisfied her heart.

But, why had he not shown his love for her by some outward demonstration instead of simply declaring it in words? Now she thought of Mathew Bates in the play, "Time Tries All," and asked herself, as he asks Laura, what language, or what simple act on his part could plead so forcibly as the devotion with which he had anticipated her every wish for so long?

She sat down and answered the letter she had that morning received from a dear sister. In that answer she told of her newly found love, and described her hero as being all and more than she had ever hoped to find in a lover, with one exception—he had never manifested any tenderness of feeling toward her—had never offered to kiss her.

When Henri called that afternoon, she handed him the letter she had written, that he might read it. They sat together alone, and she shyly watched his face as he read. The letter finished, he drew his chair close to hers and proceeded to tell her why, during all their acquaintance, he had never assayed to take the liberty that many might have done of kissing her, or even of pressing her hand in his. Such familiarities were against his principles of honor and rectitude; he did not consider it right to indulge even such intimacies with any woman, (mother or sister excepted,) unless she had first consented to be his wife.

Could Fay help loving and respecting him more than ever, then? Can any of us help wishing that all men had as high a sense of honor as Henri possessed?

Fay listened to his manly expressions with a delighted feeling of reciprocity, of love requited, love secure, which brought to her a pure and intense satisfaction, such as,—I think—comes to a woman but once in a life time.

When Henri finally asked if he might kiss her, she allowed him to draw her head upon his shoulder, and then followed the "holy betrothal kiss."

Yet Fay hardly realized that it was such. And when her lover called next morning and asked her if he might bring her an engagement ring the following day, and wished to consult her taste as to what stone it should contain, she gave a little surprised laugh and asked, "Oh Henri! are we really so far along in our affairs—do you think we are actually engaged?"

He slipped his arm around her waist, pressed her tenderly to his heart and said: "When you let me kiss you, Fay, that meant everything with me."

And Fay answered: "So it did with me, then, Henri; and we'll call the question settled forever."

The engagement was not a lengthy one, but was soon followed by the more sure bond of wedlock. And Fay had married well and happily, as she prophesied to her first lover she should do.

Relatives, friends, everybody approved of the union. It was in all respects an excellent coming together of hearts mated in heaven.

Fay was spending a day with her parents sometime

after her marriage, when in a joyous tone and with a radiant smile which proceeded from the very depths of her loving, happy heart, she exclaimed, "Oh, mother, I've got such a good husband! The world holds but few men like him."

Her mother smiled and said, "But you can take no credit to yourself for having done so well, Fay; it is your good fortune, not your good management."

"I was not boasting, mother; only trying to speak truthfully and gratefully," returned Fay.

"It may not be your wisdom you have to be thankful for, my daughter," said Fay's father, "but that you have been willing to be advised. Your happy marriage is the result of willing obedience."



THE VICTORIES OF PEACE.

THE victories of Peace are truly more renowned
Than victories of War with all their triumphs
crowned.

The calm, sweet voice of Peace brings happiness and
rest;

But jarring sounds of strife tell of sad hearts, op-
pressed.

Oh fair, domestic peace, where loving ones unite,
To make of home a heaven—a place of pure delight!
What victories belong to tongues that can refrain



From bitter words which might to any heart give
 pain;
To eyes that look within, and watch where beams
 may rise,
But overlook the motes that show in other eyes!
What victories crown *your* gates, safe paths by *you*
 are trod,
Peace-makers, who are called "The children of our
 God."

Let peace in every heart and every home be found;
Let victories of Peace be more and more renowned.
Raise th' White Flag of Peace—all nations wave it o'er,
Till the Red Battle Flag shall fade, and be no more.
Cry "Peace! yea, peace for aye!" e'en though it be
 not yet—
"Peace!" till on every tower its golden star is set.
Harsh tones be heard no more, nor seen dark, angered
 looks;
Of swords and spears, be made plowshares and prun-
 ing hooks.
Let selfish greed no more the human bosom fill—
Peace, peace on all the earth, and to all men good
 will!
Sound the glad note of peace o'er mountain, sea and
 plain;
Tell that our Savior Lord, the Prince of Peace shall
 reign!

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1903.

TO E. A.

“FORGET not the lone one!” thus thou hast written;

Thinkest thou, dearest, we'll ever forget,
The poor, weary heart which too early was smitten,
Hath suffered and waited, and suffereth yet?

Firm hast thou been in thy faithful endeavors,
Though the flow'r of life's fondness was crushed in
its germ;
Though the weakness of mortals, love's strongest tie
severs,
Our God is still merciful; still be thou firm.

Man may deceive, but still trust thou in Jesus,
Who fails not and swerves not, but saves to the
last;
Whose love and forbearance still rescues and frees us,
From every dread chain which the tempter may
cast.

Dark days have passed o'er thee, since last we met
thee:

But there's a day when we'll know no regret;
Thinkest thou, dearest, we'll ever forget thee?
No, gentle friend, we will never forget.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

O, TO understand Thee ever,
Faithful, true and gentle Guide!
All Thy lines to strictly follow,
That Thou need'st not grieve or chide.
To be ready for each lesson,
Which Thy wisdom may impart;
To detect Thy faintest warning;
O, to know Thee, as Thou art!

Thou, a portion of the God-head,
Which from Heaven doth descend,
To abide on earth with mortals,
Man's unerring, constant Friend.
Lead me ever, kindly, safely,
T'ward our peaceful home above;
Teach me of the Father's mercy,
And the Son's redeeming love.

Let me—though the world's commotion
Should like surging torrents roll—
Hear Thy still, small voice, like music,
Sounding ever in my soul;
Catch each chord, distinct, unbroken,
Throughout all the strife and din;
Till I reach the gate celestial,
And am bidden "Enter in."

TWO BABIES.

A Puzzling Question That Presents Itself in Many Families.

THERE are at least six different opinions to be considered in the bringing up of one dear baby that I know.

The papa and mamma, both grandmas, a bachelor uncle and a widowed aunt comprise the household proper in which this little darling is included. And besides these, there are domestic helps, two or three women "of experience," a gardener, and a half-grown boy.

To be sure all are deeply interested in the welfare of the "household treasure," the "baby king," etc. But poor little Olif! Only to see how he is coaxed or scolded, petted or teased, laughed at or frowned upon by the one or ones who happen to be looking after his welfare at different times, just as the different moods of temper happen to rise or fall.

Besides being the first child of his parents, he has also the honor, or misfortune, whichever it may be called, of being the first grandchild to each of his widowed grandmas.

"I would not let him do so," says one, "that's the very way to spoil him."

"Don't trouble him about so small a matter," suggests another; "let him alone, it will do him good."

"My children were always allowed to do so and so, and there are no better children in the world than mine."

"I always made my boy do this or that, and to this day he does not forget it; I never saw another child like him, never."

"Father would have made me understand the difference between his way and mine, a great deal quicker than that, when I was of that child's age."

"Wouldn't my mother have shown me what she meant when I was little, if I'd have acted like that?"

The mischief is that little Olif hears a great deal of this kind of talk, and instead of being benefited by it, as his kindred and friends are anxious he should be, it only tends to help him to be rebellious and obstinate, or inattentive and careless, under parental restraint.

The only hope I see for him is, that his parents may prove wise enough, and sufficiently strong to lead him gently but firmly on in the way which they conceive to be right; being themselves united in their views and efforts concerning their boy, and not heeding the voluntary advice of others, except where they can discern that it is sound and wholesome.

Olif has a baby neighbor, the same age as himself, who has the advantage, if so it proves, of living with his parents alone. There is no one but papa and mamma to say what Archie should do, or must do. And here the loving and intelligent counsel of a good

grandma would often seem, in their perplexities, a great boon to little Archie's parents; and doubtless a providential intervention to himself.

Often, after a hasty tap to send little hands out of forbidden business, Archie's mamma and sometimes his papa as well, feels like kissing the little fingers which have been tapped, and saying, "Forgive me, darling, I was in the wrong that time, not you."

Then comes an argument in the conscience between judgment and sympathy. Judgment asks, "Would it be wise to make that acknowledgment to Archie? Is he capable of grasping the lesson it should teach, coming from a parent? that most important lesson, that the only way to correct our mistakes is to seek forgiveness, if by them any one is injured. Or would he be likely to take advantage of the situation, and consider himself wronged if reproved at another time, when correction might be just or necessary?" But sympathy cries, "It is my child to whom I have been unkind by giving him a harsh word or a hasty slap when it was not merited, and I must make it right with him!"

Sympathy is right, and so, too, is judgment. But a matter of this kind requires very careful management.

And there are many other problems, connected with baby Archie's home education which demand more than the wisdom of parents that they may be worked out in anything like a satisfactory manner.

Unless the parents constantly seek for Divine guidance, and obtain and follow it in the foundation of the mortal, and immortal education of both Olif and Archie, it is difficult to imagine the outcome of either of these two babies.



MISTAKES.

WHO does not make mistakes? If there is one,
Who feels no vain regret for ought he's done,
Who would not fain recall some words he's said,
Or joy to unravel some entangled thread,
I'd like to know him, and become his friend,
And in his company some seasons spend;
That I might learn the laws which he hath kept,
And strive henceforth to step where he hath stepped.

I have this sample in the Son of God;
And He hath plainly marked the path He trod;
I need not err, the pattern is complete,
'Tis my own weakness where I failures meet.
But oh! what charity should here prevail,
Since mortal strength is ever prone to fail;
How constant, too, should be the fervent call,
Lord help us, save us, or we perish all!

MARY AND HER MOTHER.

IT was a Sabbath afternoon,
A quiet wintry day;
And Mary in her cradle-bed,
In peaceful slumber lay.

Her mother sat beside the fire,
And watched the sunny trace
Of happy dreams, perhaps of Heaven,
On baby Mary's face.

The rosy bloom of health was there,
The mother felt no fears;
Yet while she watched her darling's face,
Her own was bathed in tears.

The tears of tender sympathy,
For one whose grief was wild;
For Mary's father, then, was at
The funeral of a child.

While thus she gazed, an unseen hand,
A curtain seemed to draw;
And artist could not paint the sight
Which Mary's mother saw.

It was the Resurrection morn,
And infant forms, in white,
Were springing to their mothers' arms,
In sweetest, glad delight.

To Mary's mother came the thought,
'What blessedness is this,
To witness love so perfect, and
Such pure and holy bliss!'

And then the question, 'Who are these?
Who'll stand with them? shall I?'
"No," came the answer, "you will not,
Except—*your child—should die!*"

She started up at those strange words—
'My child! my lamb!' she gasped;
Then to her eager, yearning heart,
Her little one she clasped.

And Mary on her mother's breast,
Half ope'd her beauteous eyes;
Then sank in smiling sleep, just as
A budding floweret lies.

The winter, spring and summer passed;
The autumn leaves grew red;
But ere another winter came,
The little girl was dead.

The mother's heart was crushed and torn,
Yet favored was her lot;
For Mary came to her in dreams,
And God forsook her not.

One night she dreamed her child was lost;
She hunted far and wide;
'I cannot find my little girl,
My baby's gone!' she cried.

Then Mary sprang into her arms—
'My little one—my own!
You'll stay with mamma, won't you now,
Nor leave me more alone?'

"No, mother dear! I cannot stay,"
Was Mary's sweet reply;
"There's so much work just over there,
For even such as I!"

Then was the mother's heart made strong;
'I'll grieve no more,' she thought,
'If my bless'd child is helpful there,
By heavenly beings taught.

Work on, my love, and so will I;
You seem not far away,
When I recall that vision fair,
The Resurrection Day!

WE CAN.

THE dearest of all precious treasures,
The pet and the pride of our hearts;
What sunshine and sweetness and gladness
Its heavenly presence imparts!
Our darling will stay with us, surely;
For its future we lovingly plan;
We "couldn't keep house" without baby—
Yet it goes, and we find that we can!

What wealth of intelligence reigneth
In manhood's awakening powers;
What purity crowneth our maidens,
Like th' freshness of opening flowers.
Oh! the young folks, our hope, who are taking
First parts in life's beautiful "play,"
Death comes and selects, oft the brightest—
We can bear it—there's no other way!

The fondest and truest companion,
The kindest and gentlest friend,
At whose loss ev'ry prospect seems blighted,
Life's interests all suddenly end;
Such are called, and half blind and bewildered,
We rise from the grovelling dust;
We stagger and reel, but we gather,
And stand, for we can when we must!

The leaders of people and nations,
 The men whom we value and prize,
 And look upon as without equals,
 So noble and gifted and wise;
 They leave us, and yet we press onward,
 As earnest and seemingly strong;
 There is no standing still for the people,
 They must and they can move along!

We can live, though bereft of the blessings
 Which seem more than half of our lives;
 The babies, the youths and the maidens,
 Even parents and husbands and wives;
 Our prophets indeed, may be taken,
 And we bow 'neath the chastening rod;
 Till the blessed, sweet comforter cometh—
 We can do without all but our God!



'Tis useless, vain, for the majority
 Of men to seek for high authority;
 But every man, may his own actions bring,
 To be, in nature, worthy of a king.



WHAT tongue or pen, however grand or wise,
 Tells more than mothers read in baby eyes?

THE MIRROR.

BABY! What a change is wrought,
When before the mirror brought,
So that you may see your cloudy face;
Little hands drop meekly down,
Lost in smiles the pout and frown,
Naughty temper turned to lamb-like grace.

Now to mine that face you bring,
'Round my neck your soft arms cling,
Ready for whatever mamma will;
Humbled, penitent and mild,
Pardoned, sweet, angelic child,
Mother's loving, gentle darling still.

Thus, oh Father! make me see
How my life appears to Thee,
Thy true estimate of ev'ry thought;
When an error would intrude,
Mirror thus my attitude,
And let change for good be quickly wrought.

As my baby clings to me,
May I ever cleave to Thee,
Ne'er to be from truth's safe path beguiled;
And as this, my little one,
Yields to me—Thy will be done—
Pardon, love me, own me still, Thy child!

MARCH 17, 1881.

OUR OWN.

YOURS and mine dearest—how the Lord blesses

Those who but trust in His care!

Where is the monarch, the queen, who possesses

A token more dainty and rare?

Our own little one, our beautiful treasure,

So holy and sacred and pure!

Ah! who would not for such infinite pleasure,

The risks and the trials endure?

Lay her up close to me, sit here beside me—

Nay—do not take her away!

“Talking too much,” dear? please do not chide me,

Stay not sweet impulse today.

Let’s talk of our own—our blessed, God-given,

And pray in our hearts, all the while,

That we may have wisdom to lead her to heaven,

To keep her from evil and guile.

To keep her! Ah yes, until time shall surround her

With jewels through faithfulness won;

Till angels of light shall with glory have crowned her,

Declaring her mission well done.

I deem her not sweeter, or brighter, or fairer,

Then other fond parents have known;

Nor that the event of her coming is rarer—

’Tis only this, SHE IS OUR OWN.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1874.

THE BABY AND THE SHOWER OF RAIN.

THIS morn my baby waked with strange surprise,
And to the window turned inquiring eyes;
For the first time the pattering rain he heard,
And all his wondering powers at once were stirred.

He's eight months old today, my baby "Lee,"
Yet rain before he has not chanced to see—
At least to notice—and from window pane
He turned to me with looks of "Please explain!"

You know, dear sister, how we mothers think
We understand the baby's nod and wink,
And learn as much from "coos" and cunning looks
As scientists from nature and from books.

"It is the rain, my birdie pet," I said;
He raised his hand and sagely shook his head;
"It looks like water,"—then he stopped to sneeze—
"The same that runs along below the trees;

The same you use to make me clean and sweet,
In which I love to splash with hands and feet;
And now you call it—what?" "The rain, my love."
"Well, I can't see what brings it from above;

"Or how it stays there till its time to fall—
I do not understand the thing at all!
I think that I must wait until I grow,
And when I'm big like you, then I shall know."

And so he dropped the subject for the time,
 And clapped his hands and sang a baby chime.
 How much, I thought, we older folks appear
 Like this meek child, with matters not quite clear.

Things are presented which are mysteries grand,
 We see and hear, but cannot understand;
 Yet to our Father they are all as plain
 And simple as the falling of the rain.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 27, 1879.



SOWING WILD OATS.

YES, boys, you are young, and you have a just
 right

To live lives of freedom and youthful delight;
 No doubts should be cast o'er your glad, happy ways,
 Or darken with care-clouds your bright, sunny days;
 For laughter, good, healthy ambition promotes,
 So have your own fun, boys, and "sow your wild oats."

But while you are passing thus gaily along,
 Remember, dear boys, you've no right to do wrong;
 Place not yourselves subject to shame or distrust,
 By being imprudent, rash, vain or unjust;
 Don't swindle each other in exchange of coats;
 Nor swear, drink or gamble, while sowing wild oats.

Speak not of the "governor," "old man," or such—
And your mothers you never can reverence too much;
Sin not 'gainst your elders by action or tongue,
But think, if you live, you'll not always be young;
Down the swift tide of time each unconsciously floats,
So be wise, kind and gentle while sowing wild oats.

Ne'er think that to work is degrading or low,
If no wheat is planted there'll be none to grow;
Or e'er be found seeking support to secure
From the humble who toil, the industrious poor;
Or guilty of venturing illegal votes;
Be honest and pure though you're sowing wild oats.

When some fair, young maiden, as fancy may flit,
Admires your style or is charmed by your wit,
Don't think that to please her, and merely for sport,
You'll make some pretensions to love and to court;
Don't woo to deceive her, with words or with notes.
And go back on the plea of your sowing wild oats.

Seek fame if you will, with the mallet or pen,
But lay your foundations for true, worthy men;
And build there upon noble structures and fine;
Keep straight in the way of the Master Divine;
He'll lead if you'll follow, and leave "beams and
moats,"
As naught, when you've finished your sowing wild
oats.

A DREAM OF HOME.

OH mother! last night I was with you,
And many glad stories I told;
It was summer and sunset, the valleys
All curtained in crimson and gold.

We were down on the farm, and the breezes
Came sweet from the meadow and creek;
I heard their soft sighs, and responsive,
My heart throbs were happy and quick.

I swept and cleaned house with my sisters,
They were there with us, mother, all three;
And we sang o'er our work, as we used to,
As happy as happy could be.

I sported and laughed with my brothers,
And frightened the fish in the spring;
And waltzed 'round the room with the babies,
The gladdest and merriest thing.

Through the barnyard I scampered and scouted,
And rollicked the hilltops about;
Like a young colt which, stabled all winter,
Has been for the summer turned out.

Half wearied, at last, I was sitting
In dim, dusky twilight alone—
Save one, my beloved one was near me,
And spoke in his kind, cheery tone.

Then father came in for his supper,
And laid by the day's busy care;
His favorite hymn, "O My Father!"
We sang, and then all knelt in prayer.

I awoke, and grim winter's stiff day-light
The windows had coldly o'erspread;
I suppose 'twas light talk in the evening,
That put it all into my head.

But mother, when springtime is ended,
And summer has certainly come;
And I'm longing to leave all my "business,"
The world with its bustle and hum—

When the city grows hot and oppressive,
And th' long days are sultry and dry;
May I come to the farm for a respite,
And spend happy June and July?

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, FEB., 1874.

A RUBY WEDDING DAY.

(For Father and Mother.)

SPREAD, spread the tables wide! A feast prepare
Of bounteous blessings, wholesome, sweet and
rare.

Bring fruits and flowers, bring ev'ry beauteous thing,
And bread, the staff of life, in plenty bring;
Bring ye of costlier tokens to impart,
The purest, richest treasures of the heart.
Bring joyous greetings, smiles and cheerful faces;
Bring tender words and kisses and embraces;
Bring friendship and its holy offspring, love;
Bring all fair graces that are born above;
Bring truth to speak from every lip and eye—
Bring sounding praises to the Great Most High!
Sing to His name a grateful, happy lay,
Who hath to us returned this welcome day;
Our Parents still both living in the flesh,
Their spirits quickened, hearts and memories fresh.
Now forty years they've journeyed on together,
'Mid storms and sunshine and uncertain weather;
But what to them the sunshine or the shade,
They still press on, undaunted, undismayed.
They do not live for mammon nor its cause,
The world's opinion, flatt'ry or applause;
Their aims are higher, their reward more sure,
Hence they afford life's crosses to endure.

And while they thus the way of life are threading,
Custom would call this day their "Ruby Wedding."
Rubies and gems we have not to bestow,
Nor aught of glittering brilliancy or show;
But bring we each a holier offering,
Father and mother, see! our souls we bring,
Laden with gratitude to God and you,
Who have ordained and taught us to be true!
True to the work which will at length prepare
The faithful in celestial wealth to share.
We'll all be there, your daughters and your sons,
Lovely and brave, with mates and little ones.
Friends will your mansion crowd, this day at least,
They'll come in myriads to your wedding feast;
And who shall say but there, with all the rest,
The BEST of all will be your honored guest?
Granting you favors, while we sing His praise,
And gladly celebrate this day of days.

AUGUST 29, 1875.



THERE is a nobler way than striving much,
To give each grand life scene its "telling touch;"
Spontaneous acts of good will often take
Finer effects, than great attempts can make.

MRS. GARFIELD.

NOBLE, honored, yet afflicted!

As this morn I bow the knee,
From my heart unto our Father,
Flows a pleading prayer for thee.

Though a nation sorrows with thee,
Thousands all to thee unknown;
None can share thy secret burdens,
Thy great loss is thine alone!

Ne'er were faith and courage needed
More by man than by thee now;
Not e'en by the fallen chieftain
Over whom you weeping bow.

Only He who "feeds the ravens"
Can bestow that peace and rest,
Which may soothe the deep emotions
Of a soul like thine oppressed.

Surely, surely He will aid thee,
All thy griefs to bravely bear;
Little children, pure as angels,
Lisp today thy name in prayer.

Every wife and every mother,
Bowing at the sacred shrine,
With a sister's tender yearnings,
Feels her own heart bleed with thine!

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPT. 20, 1881.

DON'T SCOLD.

O MOTHER, dear mother! don't scold at me now;
For I've done the best that I could;
I was thinking this morning, I'd try all day long,
And see if I could'nt be good.
There was work to be done and my lessons to learn,
And baby for some one to hold;
And now that it's evening and everything wrong,
Please mother, dear mother, don't scold!

O mother, dear mother! don't scold at me now;
Your harsh words so bitterly fall!
How can I have patience to try to be good,
When you never encourage at all?
And where shall the spirit of patience be found.
If a mother be cruel and cold?
And it is so cruel to always be cross—
Please mother, dear mother, don't scold!

O mother, dear mother! don't scold at me now;
Speak tenderly once in awhile;
It would bring so much sunshine and peace to our
home,
If you could but wear a kind smile.
Very soon all us children would imitate you,
And your burdens be lighter ten fold;
And father would be so much happier, too—
Please mother, dear mother, don't scold!

MY JEWELS.

STEP to the door with me,
Notice, and there you see
Mary, our only, sweet child;
Is she not beautiful?
And Oh! so dutiful,
Gentle and loving and mild.

Ah, she is strong and well,
What a blessed thing to tell!
Blithesome and active, you see;
Bright as a summer's noon,
Not two years old 'till June,
Yet people take her for three.

Oft, though so young, she proves
Wise in her little moves,
Character shows, of much force;
Gen'rous and just and kind,
Gracious in heart and mind,
Just like her papa—of course!

Speak of that father, then,
Noblest and best of men,
Gives, with true wisdom and sense,
Faith that is strong and pure,
Love that will still endure,
Through the eternities hence.

Love, which all pleasure brings,
And "works as well as sings,"

For our dear baby and me;
Were I not happy now,
Where should I live and how.
That I might happiness see?

Wifehood and motherhood!
These are my jewels good;
Treasures of heavenly worth;
Pity whoe'er hath sold,
Such for mere shining gold,
And the vain baubles of earth!

APRIL 8, 1876.



THIS motto we all should keep in view,
Let others' faults alone;
We shall each of us find enough to do,
If we carefully mend our own.



MAY all that we should remember,
On our minds be indelibly set;
And all that is best forgotten—
Help us, O Lord, to forget!

REST AND PROGRESSION.

THE struggle is ended, the labor is done,
The battle is over, the victory won.

As fierce was the conflict, so sweet is the peace
Which comes to the wrestler, as life's troubles cease.
Sleep on—sleep on—take now thy rest,
Well earned, among the faithful blest.

All this to the mortal, laid quietly down;
The spirit in heaven, receives a bright crown;
A halo of glory, through righteousness shed
Around the immortal, here, mourned for as dead.
Work on—work on—and still progress,
Freed now from pain and weariness.

What knowledge, what mem'ries, forgotten at birth—
(First union of spirit and body on earth—)
Awake, as the spirit to Heaven ascends,
Meets Father and Mother, dear kindred and friends.
Love, truth and pure intelligence;
The glory of Omnipotence!

In humiliation the Savior laid by
His judgment; His mission to suffer and die;
The will of the Father to learn and obey;
And man can but follow as He leads the way.
On—to perfection—glory rife—
“The Resurrection and the Life.”

OCTOBER, 1903.

“THE SONG OF THE RIGHTEOUS.”

THE Truth has come forth in this last dispensation;
The Truth which has ever been anarchy's rod;
And its friends, in the midst of a wild, rampant nation,

Sing praises and honor and glory to God.

We will sing! we must sing! though the scorner may scoff it,

And hypocrites rage around God's people free;
He hath said, in His word, by the voice of His Prophet,

“The song of the righteous is a prayer unto me.”

King Pharaoh strove in the great day of Moses,

To keep ancient Israel in bondage to him;

And today, in like manner, a nation proposes

To render our prospects as hopeless and grim;

But we'll stand! as they stood! and we'll see the salvation,

Which bore them, triumphantly, through the Red Sea;

And we'll sing! for 'tis written in God's revelation,

“The song of the righteous is a prayer unto me.”

And blessings shall follow, yea, blessings unnumbered,

Shall answer this token, “The song of the heart:”

Oh voices long silent! oh muse that hath slumbered!
 Awake! and in union sweet praises impart.
 We will sing of His grace in this imminent hour,
 Whose love is our refuge and ever shall be;
 Who hath said to His Saints, in this day of His
 power,
 "The song of the righteous is a prayer unto me."

MARCH, 1882.



CONVALESCENCE.

I WONDER if our angels
 Converse hold with one another;
 If those who guard me, whisper
 With the ones who guard my mother:
 If by dream, or by impression,
 They have made her feel within,
 Though she had no outward token,
 How near death her child has been.

Dear messengers of mercy!
 If you truly thus exchange;
 Leave no farther anxious feelings,
 With forebodings dark and strange.
 But let gratitude and gladness
 Cheer her heart and soothe her brow;
 Tell my gentle, faithful mother
 How much better I am now.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

AFTER THE SAD NEWS.

NO, little one! No love, not now—not now!

Let mamma's hand lay gently on your brow,
And nestle your soft curls against my cheek;
So rest, and do not move about, nor speak.
Sweet Willie sleeps tonight without a song,
And so can you, my precious Lee, ere long.
The sky is dark, oppressive seems the air,
With melancholy shadows everywhere;
Dull sadness breathes in all the sounds of spring;
And mamma's voice would break—she cannot sing!

“Why does poor grandma bend her head so low?”
Hush, darling, don't disturb her—“Sleeping?” No!
Grandma is weary, and she bows her head
In sorrow, for dear grandpapa is dead!
Yes, that same grandpa, who, a month today,
Bade us goodbye, and started on his way,
Soon to return; and now, how strange it seems,
And dark as though our lives were troubled dreams!
Oh, can it be that he will come no more,
To cheer and bless us, as so oft before?

Half chiding thus my cherub's restless mood,
Watching my mother, pale and grief-subdued,
My own heart burdened with its weight of cares,
Grasped Lee's next words, “I have not said my
prayers!”

Happy reminder, when in Jesus' name,
The Holy Comforter's bless'd aid we claim,
The memory of His death and sufferings,
Takes from our sorrows all their keenest stings;
We feel, with His great victory in view,
That we and ours shall live and triumph too.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 12, 1882.



OURSELVES.

HOW kind of Father, when He sends us here,
To give each traits of character that find
The greatest satisfaction in the sphere
To which His wisdom hath the life designed.

By ones, by twos, by sixes or by twelves,
It matters not, we trudge or glide along;
And all the while would rather be ourselves,
Than others, in the mighty, rushing throng.

Some of us make mistakes in starting out,
Or are misled by circumstances strange;
And oft for half a life time grope about,
Ere yet is found our being's natural range.

While others die, nor find the way at all,
Until they pass beyond the shores of time;
And others still, despairing, yield and fall,
Or stubborn grow, and turning, cease to climb.

And some encourage feelings which conflict,
Seeking no settled aim, or real intent;
And there are critics who will contradict
The plainest truths for sake of argument.

But still, I think, that more than half our race,
Would grant that what I said at first is true;
That each would rather stand in his own place
Than any other's that he ever knew.

There was a lady, very, very old,
Much had she suffered, much hard labor done;
She suffered still, and yet she often told,
She would not change her lot with any one.

She had not known the sweetest joys of life,
So we would think, who dote on wedded love;
But the meek cares of mother and of wife,
Her vast experience she placed above.

And so I say, by sixes or by twelves,
Or singly led, we envy not the rest;
But feel that we would rather be ourselves—
That Father knows, and plans, and chooses best.

SALT LAKE CITY, JAN., 1882.

SEVENTEEN.

SEVENTEEN years! have they really passed?

How long a time, yet how short it seems!
Winters with storm clouds cold and dark,
And summers as bright as maiden's dreams.

How well I remember, dear Allie, when
You came to us fresh from the world above;
I was then a maiden, as you are now,
Heart full, and bubbling o'er with love.

A boy had been anxiously waited for,
But the baby girl was welcome, still;
For the parents were Saints, and could well submit
To the Father's unerring, gracious will.

And grandma, who nursed the mother dear,
And tenderly cared for the little one,
Declared that she thought it quite as well.
As if the newcomer had been a son.

"As necessary," she said, "are the girls,
As boys can ever possibly be;
And whichever the Lord sees fit to send,
Is right and best we will all agree."

The babe was sweet as a peach tree bloom,
And sweet and dainty must be her name;
So grandmother, gentle and meek herself,
Was kindly permitted to choose the same.

She fancied "Allie," and all concerned,
Agreed that the sound was very sweet;
Only one thing more was needed, then,
To make the christening quite complete.

And that was grandfather's part to do,
Grandfather, tender and true and mild;
Following Jesus' example, he,
In his arms enfolded and blessed the child.

How the years have come, how the years have flown,
How the summers and winters have flitted by!
That grandmother, aged and frail, yet lives,
But the grandfather's pass'd to his home on high.

Those parents are middle-aged people, now;
A wife and mother, I'm growing old;
While that baby is dreaming romantic dreams,
And wishing the future were farther told.

But Allie, darling, be not in haste,
Teach thy heart to wait, let thine eyes discern
That the hours can never be too long
For the lessons of life we all must learn.

Be patient and grateful, be glad and wise;
And thy soul shall rejoice and bless the day,
When seventeen other fleeting years,
With their summers and winters have pass'd away.

MARCH 12, 1885.

LETTER TO AN ENQUIRER.

VERY DEAR LADY:

PLEASE accept my gratitude for the opportunity you have afforded me of speaking, or writing, without feeling that I am crowding the religious opinions of my people, unasked and undesired. I appreciate your friendliness in accepting my testimonies as they are given, in all sincerity of heart.

Do not be offended with me for pitying your "unbelief, skepticism or Ingersollism." It all seems to me so unsatisfactory, especially when, in my mind, I compare it with the sweet faith, the abiding hope, the perfect trust, the actual knowledge which we, as Latter-day Saints, possess in and of our Heavenly Father, His justice, mercy and loving kindness.

How can we help having faith, when we repeatedly put the promises of the Lord to the test, and have them fulfilled to the very letter? By humbling ourselves—not to man but before God—and seeking to understand and be obedient to His laws, we obtain the precious, priceless gift of His Spirit, by which we know for ourselves concerning Him and His works. This brings us peace and joy and satisfaction in all our duties; and if we continue to follow carefully the dictates of the Holy Spirit, it will lead us into all truth.

Your very pointed and intelligent question, "What is the belief of the Mormon Church, and do you all have the same belief?" comprises so much that many pages might be advantageously filled in answering it. But we have "Articles of Faith," printed on small cards, which will tell you in brief what our belief is. Some of these cards, and other Church literature, shall be sent to you.

We have, like the ancient Church of Christ, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." In our testimony meetings, we all testify with one spirit of the goodness and power of "One God and Father of all." Whether we all speak or not we all understand alike and believe alike; and the enjoyment of this Holy Spirit is what unites our hearts and makes us regard each other with the purest and most charitable feelings of love and tenderness. I have said all, but should say the majority of our people are thus actuated. There are and always have been hypocrites, and we are not entirely free from them.

"Future rewards and punishments," as I understand the subject, will be perfectly just and right. Those who employ themselves in good works here, will receive a corresponding reward hereafter. And those who do wickedly will reap what they merit. It is the full intent and determination of the real Latter-day Saints, to do as much good and as little wrong as possible while living upon this earth. Although far from perfection, yet our people are diligently

striving to reach a very exalted degree of excellence. And the Lord helps us in our weakness, often bestowing upon us what seems to be supernatural strength, fortitude and intuition, or inspiration; and to Him belong the praise and glory if we do well.



ELIZA R. SNOW SMITH.

ETERNITY'S broad space now opes to give,
 Loved one, to thee, thy place and honor due;
 Into that realm for which thou e'er didst live,
 Zion's great leaders usher thee anew,
 And angel records show thy works all true!

Rich in those gifts which hold sublimest worth,
 So wast thou formed; thy wealth thou didst increase;
 Nor lost one gem, nor caught one taint from earth:
 Onward thy passport leads to glorious peace,
 Where love and joy and good works never cease.

Shall we who loved thee here, e'er love thee less?
 Mother and friend and sister, choice and rare!
 Israel's first songstress, "Zion's poetess!"
 Thou answerest—"Follow on—My glories share;
 Heaven hath room for all—O join me there!"

DECEMBER, 1887.

MOTHER'S BREAD.

WITH food for your own, well stored and safe,
You have doubtless wept for the hungry waif
Of whom you have heard, in the noisy street,
Crying, "Please give me some bread to eat!"
I heard of a letter, a line of which read,
"Please send me a loaf of my mother's bread!"

And I wept, for pathetic it seemed to me,
That a brave, strong man should thus hungry be;
With shares in the bank, and thousands a year,
Sending kind gifts to that mother dear;
With hands that can work, and a business head,
Yet faint for a slice of his mother's bread.

But who of us all has lived to see
The fourth decade and two or three,
And has not felt, in some hard day's rush,
Or some peaceful twilight's quiet hush,
Though with earth's rich bounties, perhaps o'erfed,
A longing for mother's good, home-made bread?

What skill did that mother's care employ,
To answer the call of her far off boy!
Tenderly molded, and paper form
Placed over the top, in case too warm
The oven might grow, for the coals were red,
While she cautiously watched and baked her bread.

I saw the loaf, and the rich, soft brown
Which girdled its sides, and its golden crown,
I could have kissed for love's own sake,
For love's bright sunshine it seemed to take
From the smiling face, as the mother said,
"This is my dear boy's loaf of bread."

A sister then came to do her part,
With generous sympathy in her heart,
She boxed and labeled and sent to th' car,
To be forwarded, ever and ever so far,
And away to its destiny, swiftly sped
That splendid sample of mother's bread.

Pathetic, and also prophetic, indeed,
Was that call for bread, and the quick giv'n heed:
When the boy set forth, in his manly might,
To win his way in the world's great fight,
The path of honor and wealth to tread—
Did he think of missing his mother's bread?

Does he think today, of a future when,
Aweary of wrestling with worldly men,
Weary of worldly cares and strife,
His soul will long for the "Bread of Life,"
And a touch of the hand which cut and spread,
For his boyish hunger, his slice of bread?

His call, more pathetic then than now,
Will reach the courts where the angels bow;
And the Father, who gives not for bread a stone,
Will direct that mother to claim her own;
And the weary one will be gently led,
To mother and rest, and the perfect bread.



A PRAYER FOR THE WANDERERS.

FATHER, in the sacred name
Of Thy well beloved Son,
We a special favor claim,
Witnessing what Thou hast done,
Through Thy mercy, love and grace,
For our lost and fallen race.

Of us, there are those who roam,
Aimless, sightless, feelingless,
As to Thee, and Thy blest home,
Filled with light and holiness.
This our prayer is unto Thee,
Touch their eyes, that they may see!

WHEN HE SHALL COME.

MY mother smiles, because it seems to me
My love has absent been a long, long while!
For him I wait in sweet expectancy,
And do not mind her gentle, playful smile.
Nor jokes of others, for they do not know
How my heart yearns, because I love him so.

I do not pause to heed the passing jest,
But sing of him, and find what I may do
To make his coming home more bright and blest;
When they shall see how noble, good and true—
And why, to me, almost as glorified,
My fond, young husband—I, his trusting bride.

Can mind conceive more blissful state in life,
Or mortal eyes behold more rapt'rous sight,
Than lover husband and his sweetheart wife,
Who having parted been, again unite?
If there could be a holier thought beside,
Would Christ's church be compared unto a bride?

His Saints on earth prepare for those above;
With songs of praise to Him their hearts o'erflow;
They have not time, amid their works of love,
To heed the jeers of those who do not know,
His own, shall all be more than satisfied,
When Christ shall come and claim His "ready bride."

JUNE 16, 1874.

THE SADDEST DEATH.

LAST autumn, when the frosty winds swept by,
I gazed upon my flowers with moistened eye;
My cherished flowers, why should the rude, rough
blast

Touch them so harshly as it hurried past?
Why should the pure and inoffensive find
Misusage from the wayward and unkind?
Thus evil wars, and wrong exerts its powers,
'Gainst good in man, as here among my flowers.
And then I said, with half repentant breath,
Why weep? For this is not the saddest death!

When last December, in its chill embrace,
Wrapped the white earth, we sought a resting place
For a dear heart, too weary to remain,
Still to be racked by cruel, torturing pain.
How like the flowers, touched by the early frost,
Slept this loved friend, gone home to rest, not lost!
And like a bud that opes for one, short day,
A tiny infant close beside her lay.
And yet, hope on, nor weep, the Spirit saith;
For even this, is not the saddest death!

But while I mused, a vision cross'd my view,
Too sorrowful to contemplate, yet true!
A man, in God's own image formed, and one
Bearing the Priesthood of His holy Son,

Thus clothed upon with heavenly light and pow'r,
 Yields to the tempter in an evil hour,
 Sins and is lost! goes not to rest and peace,
 But into *torment* that may *never cease*.
 Weep now, my soul, unchecked thy tears may fall;
 This is the saddest, darkest death of all!

MAY, 1886.



SOMETHING NEW.

OH! girls, I have seen and have heard something
 new;

And, womanlike, truly, I'll tell it to you.
 It is not a fancy worked cushion or mat,
 The style of a dress or the shape of a hat.

You may guess and may puzzle all day and all night,
 But I have no idea you'd ever guess right.
 And therefore I'll tell you, since curious you've grown,
 For a fact that's so wonderful ought to be known—

At least among women, for comfort and cheer
 It contains for our spirits; so listen, and hear.
 Last evening, I met at a kind neighbor's house,
 A man who will own he's afraid of a mouse!

TREASURES.

“WILL you keep my new knife, mother?
I might dull the shining blade;
Please to keep it ready for me,
Or I'll lose it, I'm afraid.”
‘Yes, I'll keep it for you, darling,’
And I kiss the rosy lips,
While upon his golden ringlets,
Softly rest my finger tips.

“Please to keep my marbles, muzzer,
So zey won't get rolled away;”
“And my pretty bead and buttons;”
“And my top string, while I play.”
Four dear boys thus bring their treasures,
I must keep them all in reach;
Four loved forms to watch and care for,
Four bright, infant minds to teach.

As to me they bring *their* treasures,
So to Thee, oh, God above!
I entrust *them*, ever praying,
Keep them safely in Thy love.
And, lest I should spoil or lose them,
'Mid earth's busy cares and strife,
Teach me, Father, how to bring them,
Back to Thee, with Endless Life!

I WANT TO BE CLOSE TO YOU.

“**I** WANT to be close to you, muzzer!”

Whispered my two-year-old;
As we knelt 'round the family altar,
In the twilight pale and cold.
I heard him with moistened lashes,
For I felt that moment, too,
As my heart reached up to our Father,
‘I want to be close to you!’

In mine his small hand nestled,
'Gainst mine his soft cheek press'd,
His bright head on my shoulder,
Found sweet, confiding rest;
And I felt the Father draw me
Closer, and closer yet;
Resting my tired being,
As I did my baby pet.

If I, in my mortal weakness,
Could not turn my child away.
But would rest him upon my bosom,
E'en while we knelt to pray;
How shall my soul be faithless?
How can I ever fear,
That when I call to my Father,
He will be slow to hear?

Those words of my lisping darling,
Which caused my tears to start,
Will ever be sweet to memory,
Always dear to my heart!
When pain or sorrow await me,
With confidence firm and true,
I'll cling to my Father, and whisper,
'I want to be close to you!'



TO A. A.

I SEE the love-light in your mild blue eyes,
Its roseate mantle on your fair young cheek;
Your tender greetings and your low goodbyes,
In love's own silvery tones I hear you speak.

And in the tremulous clasping of your hand,
The gentle pressure of your lips to mine,
I sense so readily, and understand,
The silent workings of that spell divine.

So holy is the trust which you bestow,
It 'minds me ever of the pure white dove;
Too dear to utter are your thoughts, I know,
It is so sweet and beautiful to love!

SALT LAKE CITY, JAN., 1890.

MY FATHER'S DAUGHTER.

MY Sister thou art troubled! Wherefore move
 So hardly in that old-time, narrow groove?
 Get out of it! Step higher! Then look back;
 And see how graceless that low, misty track!
 'Tis but for earth-worms, mis'erable and cramped;
 Our Father's seal hath on thy brow been stamped;
 Thou art His child! Peacemaker thou shouldst be,
 In every case which may appeal to thee.

And when unruly tongues would chafe thine ear,
 With things unsisterly to speak or hear,
 Which thou must answer, make thou this excuse,
*"She is my sister whom thou wouldst traduce;
 My Father's daughter!"* And to soil her name
 Would give our family roll the mark of shame.
 Mistakes she may have made, but let us say
 Some pow'r misled her—it was not her way."

Cease multiplying errors, black or red;
 Erase them rather, leaving blanks instead,
 Which she, our sister, may hereafter fill
 With kindly deeds and words of sweet good will.
 Should brilliant thought of thine another claim,
 Be not too hasty to dispute or blame;
 For waves of thought like rays of light extend,
 And who shall say where they begin or end?

What matters it, since this great boon is free,
Of service in Our Father's cause to be?
If faithful as His daughter thou wouldst prove,
Climb o'er the "stumbling blocks," leave the old groove,
Get higher! Far above unholy strife,
Yet be more humble, in thy purer life;
For all who sland'rously their feelings ease,
Keep this kind motto, "*She's my sister*, please."

And when "the books" are opened at the last,
And the head keeper over them shall cast
A just, though critical and searching glance—
When thy name shall be read, thou'lt hear, perchance,
(As with "the other book" he shall compare,)
"Why were not credits entered here and there?"
Wherein 'twas said, in place of speaking ill,
"*She is my Father's daughter*—please be still."



THE WATERS OF LIFE.

For Sister Maggie Swan Hull.

BE glad, oh my soul! and rejoice;
Heed not the great world and its strife;
Thou hast heard the still, small, holy voice,
Thou hast drunk of the Waters of Life.
Of the River that flows from the throne,
Pure, precious, as crystal most clear;
What mercy, what love to thee shown,
And why shouldst thou falter or fear?

Be swift, oh my soul! to diffuse
The light which to thee is revealed;
And hasten, my hands, to unloose
The doors of the prison long sealed.
For this thou wast given the key,
To lead forth from bondage and strife;
Bid penitent captives go free,
And drink of the Waters of Life.

Be grateful, my soul, for that grace
Which calleth from earth's busy strife,
To stand in the holier place,
And drink of the Waters of Life.

*Twice, sleeping, I drank from that stream,
The sweetest draughts ever I knew;
I awake, 'tis no longer a dream,
God's promise is sacred and true.

Be patient, my soul! freely give;
Be humble, yet bravely look up;
God gave thee to drink and to live—
Hold thou unto others the cup.
To all who will list to thy voice,
Cry, "Cease from vexation and strife;
Peace, peace, in salvation rejoice;
Come drink of the Waters of Life!"

CAMPING AT BLUE CREEK, UTAH.

OCTOBER 3, 1894.

*Sister Maggie had two dreams in which she was given to drink of the "Waters of Life."

JESUS SHALL REIGN.

O THE vain glory and wild speculation,
Which we now witness on every hand!
O the dread doom of this proud generation!
Why will they perish, why not understand?
Keep in the narrow path,
And thus escape the wrath,
Which is now sweeping the nations a-main;
Stand with the meek and pure,
They only can endure,
And righteous crowns secure,
Jesus shall reign.

Th' trumpets are sounding, the seals being broken,
The plagues are abroad of destruction and dearth;
Th' wicked repent not, they heed not the token,
And soon they'll be swept from the face of the earth.
Cease not ye Saints to call,
Save, or we perish all!
Help us, our Father. Thy laws to maintain!
O God of truth and light,
Strengthen us by Thy might,
Thine is the pow'r, the right,
Jesus shall reign!

Soon will the morn of the first resurrection
Gladden the valleys and brighten the waves;
Parents and children and friends and connection,
Sweetly embrace as they 'rise from their graves.

Father, our hearts prepare,
In the great bliss to share,
More than requiting all sorrow and pain;
Joyous the anthems then,
Angels and Saints again,
Echo the glad amen—
Jesus doth reign!



THE SWITCH.

NAUGHTY little three-year-old, for wading in the ditch,
Was being scolded very hard, and threatened with a switch;
When he said with funny smile, and expression most peculiar,
“O mamma—mamma—please—sing—Glory Hallelujah!”

Instead of the “Glory” tune, a smothered laugh was pitched,
But the naughty three-year-old—well! *He* didn’t get switched.
He had gently “switched” his mamma off the troubled, hard, old track,
And from the other dreadful “switch” thus saved his little back.

A CALL TO LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

CLING together, O ye people
Of the Great Eternal God!
Ye are treading now the highway
That His Saints before you trod.
Shoulder firmly brace to shoulder,
Clasp unflinching hand to hand;
Leave not one without the circle
Who has faith and strength to stand.

Yet when knees begin to tremble,
And when faces turn aghast,
Press not heavily upon them,
But uphold them to the last;
And should all their faith forsake them,
That they cannot stand at all,
Then be careful that you slip not
Into places where they fall.

Quickly close the gaps they're making,
Forming still a solid band;
Shoulder braced as one to shoulder,
Hand unyielding clasped to hand.
Heads erect and hearts uplifted,
Firmly planted be your feet;
Forward press, and onward, upward—
No surrender, no retreat!

Long may be the march, and weary,
Great may be th' oppressor's pow'r;
But the Lord we serve is mightier,
He who saveth every hour.
He who built the walls gigantic,
'Round the lands we occupy;
Towering in majestic beauty,
Strong, imposing, grand and high.

He who led our sires to freedom,
'Neath the glorious stripes and stars;
He who cheers our friends and brothers,
E'en through prison gates and bars.
He who soothes the hunted exiles,
In their lonely weariness;
Promising the tried and faithful,
He will all their wrongs redress.

He whose love the raging lion
Can to docile meekness turn;
And can change the fiercest fire flames,
That His servants shall not burn—
He who hears our earnest pleadings,
"Father, let Thy will be done!"
And whose voice, unto His people,
Ever answers, "*Be ye one!*"

Shall we shrink, with such a Leader?
Shall we step aside, or pause?

Shall we dare withhold our efforts
In His glorious, saving cause?
No, forever! Onward, upward,
No retreat, no compromise!
Death today may be our portion,
Life eternal is the prize.

List! and heed the still, small whisper,
Teaching His unerring will;
If to speak or to be silent,
When to act, and when stand still.
Treading the unfailing highway
Which the Saints before us trod;
Cling together, O ye people,
Of the GREAT ETERNAL GOD!

APRIL, 1886.



BABY'S BRASS NICKEL.

PAPA comes in warm and tired,
Sits down in the easy chair;
Three-year-old, the household treasure,
Comes the midday rest to share.

In his day-book papa figures,
Counts some money, writes some names;
“Please I want to play with money,”
Little three-year-old exclaims.

Newly-coined, bright silver pieces
Seem to take the darling’s eyes;
“Here’s a brass nickel for you mamma,
Don’t you want it?” soon he cries,

Then into his mother’s apron,
Lightly, from his careless hold,
Slips the baby’s dull “brass nickel,”
A five-dollar piece in gold.

We smile at baby’s innocence, and yet,
For us in wisdom here are lessons set.
How often we allow from us to drift
The finer, richer, and more sacred gift,
Clinging to others, worthless to compare
With that to which we give so little care.
And, like the baby, giving what was lent,
Are not our loans almost as freely spent?
Almost as wantonly about us thrown
Our Father’s wealth, as if it were our own?
Oh! shall we not these lessons learn today?
Nor let our time and blessings slip away,
Until we’re forced to learn, too late, alas!
That we have deemed our golden treasures brass.

GOOD WISHES.

After Conference, October, 1891.

IF memory could but keep in constant view,
 The many, many precious things we've heard;
 So simple, yet so grand, so plain and true;
 The thoughts awakened, and the feelings stirred;
 Then might we live by Father's every word.

How near to Him, our Father, we are brought,
 While list'ning to the plans His love reveals!
 How bright the visions of His presence caught,
 How to our hearts the sacred voice appeals,
 While truth sublime His testimony seals.

By Prophets spoken, and of God approved,
 Yea, giv'n of God, those words of life and peace!
 May their bless'd influence never be removed,
 But daily, hourly with the Saints increase,
 Till truth shall triumph, sin and sorrow cease.

May that sweet charity which conquers wrong,
 From Zion's portals o'er the world extend;
 That unity which makes God's people strong,
 Yet stronger grow, all virtue to defend;
 And Christ in glory soon to earth descend.

HOLIDAY OFFERINGS.

To Our Exiled Loved Ones.

TO say you are missed can but feebly express
The weight and the force of the heart's loneliness!
In our homes, in our meetings, in every place,
We miss some loved voice and some dear, cherished
face;

At morn and at eve, in our joys, in our cares,
In all things we miss you, except in our prayers.

With longings we watch for the turn of the tide,
When the Saints shall have rest, and as gold purified,
Shall arise and shine forth in the glorious light
Of virtue triumphant, of truth and of right;
We strive to be patient, we feel that we must,
We watch and we wait, and in God do we trust.

The struggle severe is so hard that some die,
And go to the mansions preparing on high;
As martyrs for truth are their bodies laid low,
But their spirits, dread thralldom no longer shall
know;

No more are they harrassed, and driven and worn,
With the burdens and griefs they so bravely have
borne;

How truly, how well one of old did record,
"Yea, blessed are they which shall die in the Lord;

And blessed are ye who of sorrow partake,
Imprisonment, hatred, for righteousness' sake;
Or by false accusers denounced and exiled,
Reviling not when ye are scorned and reviled."

Oh! ye true ones, beloved of the Lord and His Saints,
Sweet anticipation a holiday paints;
A scene of rejoicing, a bright day of grace,
When each manly form, and each fair, queenly face,
Which today we must miss will be with us again,
No more to be wronged by the base among men.

No more to be sought, as in this dreadful hour,
But free from the wicked, their malice and pow'r,
The Saints shall have peace, and be evermore blest,
With Jesus, the Savior, in heavenly rest.
We'll see Him, and hear Him, and greet with glad
cheer,

The day of His birth, and the happy New Year—
And also *this* day, for His Prophet and Seer.

DECEMBER 23, 1885.



THE SEGO LILY.

Utah's Flower.

WHAT other flower so well could represent thee,
Dear Utah, in high courts, where kings may
tread,

As the white Sego, which once kindly lent thee,
For thy new guests, new hopes, when hope had fled;
And like fat quails and precious manna sent thee,
For famished souls, afforded meat and bread?

When strong men reeled from hunger, women fainted,
And little ones cried plaintively for food,
Came the dark Indian, with face red painted,
Pointing where Sego plants the hilltops strewed;
And from that day the modest flower was sainted,
Whose juicy bulb had famine's rage subdued.

Oft, in cold, sterile wastes, all unattended,
The Sego decks some lone, neglected tomb;
Though many grow more elegant and splendid,
In rich attire, with luscious, sweet perfume;
Yet which hath man so generously befriended,
Of all the flowers which o'er our mountains bloom?

O'er the queen Rose we all may be ecstatic,
Accord the Indian Paint-brush charming power;
But let not grateful memory prove erratic,
Or grant to Marguerite her sister's dower;
Of hardihood and faith most emblematic,
We vote the Sego Lily, Utah's flower.

OCTOBER, 1892.

APOSTROPHE.

OH, Sympathy! thou dear and holy thing,
Be not abashed—fear not to reach thy hand
Unto the weary and the sorrowing,
To soothe, to strengthen and to help them stand.

Oh, Charity! remember what thou art;
Shrink not from thy full mission here below;
Thou canst not hurt the wounded, bleeding heart.
Whate'er the cause, thou must the balm bestow.

Oh, Wisdom! bear thy stately form erect;
Lips may be sealed, yet open wide thine eyes;
The Right is thine to cherish and protect,
Thou art not moved by Error's smooth disguise.

And oh, Humility, thou good, safe friend!
Hide not thy gentle face, though pained to see
Those whom thou fain wouldst succor and defend,
For thine opposer's sake, would trample thee.

Oh, Love! hast thy full story yet been told?
Canst lift no more thy mournful, drooping head?
Though crushed and smitten, though so pale and cold,
Still shalt thou speak, sweet Love, thou art not
dead!

Oh, Justice! thou hast waited long, so long!

Thy look is fierce and searching, like the sun;
Thy voice is sharp, thine arm is firm and strong—
Who shall abide when thy day's work is done?

Oh, Mercy! ever hovering softly nigh,

Yet nearer come, revive with thy pure breath,
And with thy lovely, pleading, pitying eye,
The thought that life *is* life, and death *is* death.

And thou, oh Truth, the greatest, grandest pow'r;
Linking all light to light, spare not the rod!
Save those who hold to thee in this dread hour;
Cling to thine own, and lead them up to God!

OCTOBER, 1886.



TWO.

TWO little girls together played,
Together earth's fair scenes surveyed,
Together ate and slept;
Together studied nature's looks,
Or read the same instructive books,
Together laughed or wept.

Together culled the sweet, wild flow'rs,
And walked and talked 'mid summer hours,
Together sang and prayed;

Thus grew they up to womanhood,
And still together firmly stood,
Both lived, nor either strayed.

But oh! there came a time to part—
Two worthy men gained each a heart;
Henceforth two pathways lie;
Sister! *you* understand these rhymes,
You recollect scenes, places, times,
Those girls were you and I.

In time, each woman's heart received,
The first great good her life achieved,
Its first rare gift from heaven;
Planned they, (as others oft have done),
Two future pathways merged in one—
One boy, one girl was given.

Alas! how meagre is the chance,
For mortal wishes to advance,
Unchecked by Providence!
Mortality's light veil He lifts,
Recalls those first, rare, precious gifts,
And softly bears them hence.

Though parted, *still together* grieve
Two mother hearts, and both receive
That consolation sure,
Which trust in the Eternal One,
Faith in the Father and the Son
Are potent to secure.

In realms of peace and love and light,
 Two angel cherubs, fair and bright,
 Pure as immortal flow'rs,
 Together work and laugh and sing,
 And wait their mothers' entering,
 Sister, those babes are ours.



WELL DONE.

Written for an Entertainment Given in Honor of a Retiring
 Sunday School Superintendency.

DEAR people of this favored Ward,
 Who in good judgment oft excel;
 In honoring these retiring ones,
 Your wisdom shines, and you do well!

These have done well; these servants true;
 Who for so many years have stood
 As guides and teachers of our youth;
 In all their teachings pure and good.

For this, our brother, thirty years
 Of unremitting work is shown,
 In records of our Sunday School;
 Our babes to men and women grown

Beneath his eye; will they forget,
Whate'er their work, where'er their place,
Their Superintendent's cheery voice,
The smile upon his genial face?

No, no, dear brother! Wheresoe'er
The boys and girls, whom you so love,
May wander o'er this lower earth,
Oft, in their prayers to One above,

They'll breathe your name; and names of these
Who have your staunch Assistants been,
And say, "Dear Lord, the truths *they* taught,
Have helped to save *our souls* from sin."

I, as a mother in the Ward,
Say in behalf of all the rest,
Unto this Superintendency,
In thus retiring, be ye blest!

You've served us long, you've served us well;
You've taught our children year by year;
And we wait not till you are dead,
To offer words of love and cheer.

We thank you *now* for helping us,
In that great, all-important cause,
Of training children up to love
The Lord, His Gospel and its laws.

*We bless you now! And when you pass,
Where God shall call, "My child, my son;"
In love He'll bid you welcome home,
And say, "Your work has been well done!"*



MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

To —.

THE fire burns low upon the hearth,
The household sleeps, no cares intrude;
Without hath darkness wrapped the earth;
Within I sit in solitude.

But not alone, dear voices come,
Breathing soft cadence in my ear,
Which, through the day, all wearisome
With work and care, I could not hear.

Their whisperings soothe my tired soul,
And all its worldly longings lull;
Then o'er my passive senses roll,
Visions most fair and beautiful.

On scrolls of purest, matchless, white,
Earth's best endeavors far above,
Engraved as in eternal light,
I see dear names I know and love.

The poor, the meek, the faithful ones,
 Those bowed by sorrow and by care,
 God's chosen daughters and His sons.
 I see their names recorded there.

And names I have not known on earth,
 So humble their positions here,
 I see enshrined as gems of worth,
 And in bright glory they appear.

Brave men, who labor day by day,
 To boldly cast oppression down;
 Who nobly dare God's laws t' obey,
 Though all the world in anger frown.

Brave women, too, and chaste and pure,
 Who vaunt not here their cherished claims;
 But for the truth's sake *all* endure—
 Their names are there, bright, blessed names.

First, though I saw it not before,
 Shines the dear name of Christ, our King;
 Who all our pangs and sorrows bore,
 And perfect grew through suffering.

And must I close my eyes, and lose
 This gleam of heaven, this hallow'd ray?
 Oh, sacred is the Midnight Muse,
 Fairer and sweeter oft than day!

SONG.

For our beloved President, Bathsheba W. Smith, on her eighty-first birthday, May 3, 1903.

TUNE: "My Mother Dear."

THY smile, like happy sunshine,
We ever love to greet;
Thy voice which breathes of holy things,
In accents low and sweet;
Words from the Prophet Joseph's tongue,
Of inspiration true,
In other days when thou wert young,
In "beautiful Nauvoo."

[CHORUS.]

Our gentle friend, our lady fair,
Our sister dear and mother!

With prophets and apostles
Thy favored path hath led;
In sacred places thou hast stood,
Where heav'nly angels tread;
And when with sorrow and distress,
Weighed down thy soul hath felt,
The Holy Ghost in tenderness
Hath with thee richly dwelt.

Our gentle friend, etc.

This day, the annivers'ry
Of that which gave thee birth,
We find with thee a quiet joy,
Which far exceedeth mirth;
A peaceful, holy influence,
Which love and truth impart;
The child-like faith and innocence
That guide the pure in heart.

Our gentle friend, etc.

So many shifting seasons
Thy feet have meekly trod,
Each change hath brought thee nearer to
The presence of thy God;
Yet many more glad years we trust,
Thou shalt on earth remain;
Then 'mong the sanctified and just,
With thy great husband reign.

Our gentle friend, etc.



THE high, ambitious one will often stumble
Where safely walks the lowly and the humble;
Oft falls the proudly dignified and grand,
Where modest, unassuming worth will stand.

TO KATIE.

On Her Birthday, December 31, 1903.

DEAR KATIE: There is something here
Unusual to view;
The last day of the world's old year
Opes life's new year for you!
By being thus, "ahead of time,"
You surely "gain the day"—
An extra day, in which to climb
Towards life's more perfect way.
Poor joke, perhaps; but let me tell
The wish to which it leads;
May you continue to excel
In good and worthy deeds.
And ever have the pow'r to cast
Temptation to the rear;
That all your days, though first or last,
May better grow each year.
May friendship's sacred flow'rs impart
To you their fairest bloom;
Regale your soul, refresh your heart
With sweet and rich perfume.
May faith and love, with magnets true,
Lead you to life sublime;
Celestial day, forever new,
Unmarked by fleeting time.

THE THREE JOSEPHS.

“SEPARATED from his brethren,”
Joseph Israel was of yore;
That he might maintain their household
When should rage the famine sore.
By those brethren sold, a bondsman,
Egypt’s slavery to endure;
Who so gen’rous and forgiving?
Who so noble, wise and pure?

In the Bible, little children
Eagerly the story scan,
Of his dreams and their fulfillment,
Of his faith as boy and man.
Mothers choose him as the hero
For their sons to emulate;
Showing how by truth and honor,
Men may rise from low estate.

Diligent and faithful always,
Though his labors were severe;
He was trusted with all business,
As a master financier.
And, for virtue, long imprisoned,
All temptations he withstood;
Women pray the men they value
May like him prove true and good.

God, because of his submission,
Unto him great wisdom gave;
Dreams, interpretations, visions,
That he might the people save.
Thus prepared and educated,
Joseph Israel came to stand
Second to the king of Egypt—
Ruler over all the land.

Then to him a wife was given;
And to them two sons were born.
When the famine drove his brethren
Unto him for Egypt's corn.
Oh, how touching is the story,
How the aged Jacob wept,
When he met his long lost Joseph,
And by him was housed and kept!

Following down the generations,
Joseph Israel's sons abound;
In this great, last dispensation,
First of all the name is found.
Joseph Smith, a true descendant,
Like the former, undefiled;
Visited by GOD and JESUS,
And by angels, when a child.

Famine for the truth was raging,
At this second Joseph's birth;
Famine for the light from Heaven,
For good will and peace on earth.

As the former stood in Egypt,
Saving life by giving bread,
Through the second, those who famished
For the truth, are being fed.

In his innocence and meekness,
Truth and light to him were giv'n;
And great keys of power and wisdom,
To unlock the stores of Heav'n.
Born to feed the starving nations,
To revive a famished world;
Through whose unbelief and frenzy
He was into prison hurled.

He, their friend and benefactor,
Chained, like some ferocious beast;
Even while, as taught of Heaven,
He prepared salvation's feast.
Prophet, Seer and Revelator,
Chosen ere the world was framed,
And reserved among the noblest,
Pre-appointed and fore-named.

To the world unknown and branded
As "deceiver, breeding strife!"
Yet, that truth might be established,
Gave he up his mortal life.
Joseph, Joseph, name beloved,
Next to Jesus, first and best!
All earth's nations, tongues and people,
Through these faithful ones are blest.

Years passed by, full fifty-seven;
Other prophets lived and died;
True and loyal to their callings,
O'er God's people to preside.
Four; and then another Joseph,
Nephew of the martyred one;
Of his faithful brother martyr,
Hyrum, patriarch, the son.

"Brother Joseph F.," we hail thee!
Face to face and hand to hand;
Humble in thy mighty calling,
Serving, yet so true and grand.
President, yet one among us;
Teaching we should not o'erreach
Sacred bounds, by using "Prophet,"
In our daily, common speech.

Tested long, and proven worthy
To sustain a leader's part;
Known and honored by thy people,
Hand to hand and heart to heart;
Giving freely and receiving,
Trust for trust and love for love;
Mortal glimpse of joys immortal,
Earthly touch with Heaven above.

Who can meet thee and not witness
Thou wast called through God's own plan?
Hear thy words and not distinguish
The divinity in man?

Bless'd indeed, are those who know thee,
God's elect among all men!
Oft it seems thy noble uncle,
Through thy voice is heard again.

Great works yet must be accomplished,
Mighty labors yet be done;
And fulfilled the times appointed
By the Father and the Son.
Then, what hand-clasps and embracings,
Shall the chosen people see,
Who are favored to be present,
When shall meet *the Josephs three!*



THE MOTHER LOVE TRUE.

TUNE: "Bell Brandon."

OUR Mother! You're the dearest and the sweetest,
That children on this earth ever know;
We long to make you joyous, glad and happy,
While gratitude and love we bestow.
We think of you, a fair and lovely maiden,
Blushing shyly when our father came to woo;
And we're grateful for that wise, blessed union,
That gained for us the mother love true.

(Repeat: And we're grateful, etc.

Men acknowledge no earthly thing so holy,
As a mother's pure and perfect love;
Wherever it may follow for its children,
Its birthplace is in heaven above.
No wonder that our father dear should love you,
And no wonder that in turn you loved him too;
And we ever are grateful for that union,
That gained for us the mother love true.

(Repeat: And we ever are grateful, etc.

The lullabys you sang above our cradles,
The lessons you taught us in our youth,
Breathe mother love like summer's richest fragrance,
And glow with the radiance of truth.
And whereso-e'er your children may be scattered,
Still their trusting hearts will fondly cling to you;
And in Heav'n a perfect fam'ly union,
Will be drawn by that mother love true.

(Repeat: And in Heav'n, etc.



MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Song written for our honored Mother in Israel, M. I. Horne, on
her eighty-fourth birthday, November 20, 1902.

TUNE: "America."

OUR mother ever dear,
Again the fleeting year
Brings this glad day;

The day which claims thy birth,
The day which gave to earth
A gem of brightest worth,
And purest ray.

How true thy life hath been,
How sanctified from sin
Through sufferings sore;
How long thy feet have strode
Life's oft-times dreary road,
When heavy was the load
Thy shoulders bore!

But now, thy trials past,
Good days are thine at last,
And heaven is near;
Its peaceful, perfect rest,
E'en now pervades thy breast,
While thousands call thee blest,
Our mother dear!

In all the days to be,
May each one bear for thee,
Sweet joys anew;
While each succeeding year,
Brings thee and heaven more near,
Our mother ever dear,
Beloved and true!

BIRTHDAY SONG.

Inscribed to President John R. Winder, on his eighty-first birthday,
December 11, 1902.

TUNE: "Robin Adair."

OUR noble friend, and kind, this day of days,
Our love and thanks combined, in song we raise,
That thou hast lived so long, and been so brave and
strong,

With truth to combat wrong—to God all praise!

On this, thy natal day, great heart and true,
We bless thy name, and pray God to renew,
And grant thee pow'r and grace, for every time and
place,
Until His glorious face shall greet thy view.

Then, well beloved, may we, in joyous ways,
Still celebrate with thee, thy day of days;
As faithful children, still, may we with thee fulfill
Jehovah's gracious will; to Him all praise!

By evil ne'er enticed, thy feet have trod
The lowly path of Christ, thou'st borne the rod;
And now we humbly bring this grateful offering;
We bless thy name, and sing, all praise to God!

Yea, praise to Him Who reigns, and gives reward;
Whose arm of love sustains, Whose scribes record,

As now thy name appears, with prophets, priests and
seers—

Through all the coming years, praise God, the
Lord!



THE SAFE WAY.

WHEN all goes well with you, beloved boy,
And you may step where men of might have
trod;

Pray, lest success your judgment should decoy,
And you forget what thanks are due to God.

When failure threatens, and the striving for
Some cherished aim, seems futile, hope's voice
dumb;

Pray, and let faith 'gainst fearfulness make war,
And with God's help, all doubtful things o'ercome.

If strong temptation would your soul allure
From virtue's path, *pray always*, lest you fall;
Pray God for strength and patience to endure,
For know to yield would bring but draughts of gall.

And should great sorrow with herculean force,
Sweep o'er your path, and all your prospects blight;
Oh pray till clouds shall rift! no other course
Leads safely out of darkness into light.

TO ARCHIE AND LOUISE.

AND so you have been to the Temple;
'Tis years since I've seen you, dear boy,
But your mother's kind letters inform me;
I wish you great pleasure and joy.

I know 'tis a hackneyed expression,
With which careless lips often part;
But now, I repeat it in earnest,
From the depths of a truth-loving heart.

I remember a shy little urchin,
Whose affections were mine, all secure;
And now—he's a man—and is married—
How time hurries by, to be sure!

Please tell the young lady, the loved one,
To whom you now fondly lay claim,
That you once had a favorite auntie,
Called then by a similar name.

And tell her that aunt now expresses
A tender regard for the twain,
So lately made one, and she wishes
Their honeymoon never may wane.

It will not, if both can but cherish
Sweet confidence, patience and trust;
And guarding against selfish feelings,
Be gen'rous as truly as just.

Of course you have married "an angel"—
I believe young men always do this—
And to her, you're the "noblest of heroes,"
Else, where is perfection in bliss?

But consider, when, in the near future,
Some little misdoing occurs,
And you find she is *only a woman*—
It was your mistake, surely, not her's.

Don't censure her then, for not being
What she never professed to have been;
Be as anxious to keep her affections
As once you were eager to win.

If you're young, she is possibly younger;
Both, at times, will be certain to err;
And while you, yourself, are imperfect,
Expect not perfection in her.

Don't think it is childish to praise her,
Let whispers and actions both tell,
That ever in your estimation,
Her graces and charms shall excel.

As honest with her as with others,
Give credit for all that she earns;
Encourage her efforts to please you,
By compliments, and, by returns.

Should you differ at times, yet be humble,
And ready at once to forgive;
Set your wife an untarnished example,
And live as you wish her to live.

Louise, keep on thinking, forever,
You've married the *very best man*;
You have chosen to stand as his helpmate,
So help him as much as you can.

Speak not of his faults, but his virtues,
Be first to acknowledge and praise;
Help love to grow surer and stronger,
By thousands of sweet, happy ways.

I had not a thought of advising,
When seated to hastily write;
And now, both my babies are sleepy—
Dear niece, and dear nephew, good night.

FEBRUARY, 1882.



THE SMILE TRIUMPHANT,

Of President John Taylor.

HE HAS gone from our midst! from our frail,
mortal view.

Of its earthly head, gifted and valiant and true,
Again is the Latter-day Kingdom bereft;
As leaders, the Twelve for the third time are left.

An exile no longer—the news spread abroad,
That th' Prophet, John Taylor, had gone home, to God.
To the hearts of his family and people, all sore,
There remained but to gaze on his features once more.

To some his fine face appeared shrunken and dark,
And still of deep suffering carried the mark;
But I saw *only this*—as I lingered my while,
The brave look *triumphant*, the calm, holy *smile*.

That smile so inspiring to Saints, everywhere,
Which only the good and the faithful could wear;
A smile full of meaning, so rich and so grand
That the world might behold, but could not understand.

The smile which portrayed the strong, masterly mind,
At peace with his God, with himself and mankind;
The smile which said plainly, as language could say,
“I have done every duty that came in my way.

Let the wicked their dark, downward pathway pursue;
They have nothing in me, they know not what they do;
Though they mock at the Truth, though they rage
and revile,

Though they hound me, and kill me, I TRIUMPH and
SMILE!”

Dear memory ever will tenderly trace,
The smile so habitual to that loved face;
And joy, that in taking a final adieu,
That smile, full of glory, came last to the view.

JULY, 1887.

THE CHILDREN.

IF the earth would be dreary without them,
The world all a desolate waste,
What wonder bright angels about them,
Oft call them to Father in haste?
O mothers! your treasures most holy,
Which seem not a virtue to lack,
Almost like "The Lamb," meek and lowly—
What wonder God wishes them back?

What wonder He chooses the purest,
The happiest, dearest, most blest?
In His home all things must be surest,
And He wants the truest and best.
He plans for us immortal pleasures;
As emblems our babies are given;
He kindly secures us our treasures,
He knows we shall want them in Heaven.

And wanting them, how we might murmur,
Grieving ever as here for a day;
It is well He is wiser and firmer,
Whose mandates we can but obey.
It is well He can bear with our weakness,
And courage and comfort restore;
And teach us through patience and meekness,
To find our loved darlings once more.

Think, mothers, when with them we're parted,
For a few hours time here on earth,
How at meeting they've made us glad hearted,
With their welcoming kisses and mirth;
And oh think! in the blest resurrection,
What joy to embrace them again!
How could such a scene be perfection,
Were the actors all women and men?
O the children! our light and our blessings;
Without them the world would be naught;
Through nature's rich chambers and dressings
Would sweetness all vainly be sought;
Our hopes and delights were all riven,
We should know only doubt and despair;
Who would ask for a portion in Heaven,
If children were not to be there?

NOVEMBER, 1876.



OUR GOD AND HIS PROPHET.

OUR God—the God of Abraham,
Isaac and Jacob, Prophets true,
The great Omnipotent, I Am,
Let earth proclaim Thy praise anew!
Taking unto Thyself Thine own,
Thy people mourned a Prophet dead;
Yet when twelve days had scarcely flown,
Thou gav'st another in his stead.

Let Saints extol Thy name and praise
Thy matchless power to guide and bless;
Thy wondrous work in latter days,
Thou cuttest short in righteousness.

Thy Prophet, as in days of old,
Unto Thy Temple doth repair;
Thy love doth marvelous light unfold,
In answer to his fervent prayer.

With mighty faith he humbly kneels,
To ascertain Thy holy will;
Thy grace the sovereign mind reveals,
Thy promises Thou dost fulfill.

The veil 'twixt Thee and man withdrawn,
Thy people understand and know,
In place of Wilford Woodruff, gone,
Thou gavest them Lorenzo Snow.

By Joseph Smith and Brigham Young,
John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, all,
He's nobly stood; and labored 'mong
Thy chosen people, great and small.

No truer friend hath prophets known,
No truer prophet Saints need seek,
Than he, to whom Thy mind is shown,
And by whose mouth Thy voice doth speak.

One like to Moses, faithful proved,
With sight undimmed, and form erect,
For more than eighty years, unmoved;
Shall nations scoff? Could Saints reject?

“A full, free, tithe the Saints must pay,
From this time on,” God’s just demand:
“Hear it, repeat it and obey,
Ye Saints of God, on every hand!”

Thus doth the Prophet’s voice declare,
“So shall the Saints be justified.”
Shake off the burdens hard to bear,
Of covetousness, self-will and pride.

Look to the God of Abraham,
Ye Saints, and heed His Prophet’s voice;
Honor and serve the great I Am,
And in His covenant rejoice.

Spread Zion’s boundaries far and wide,
Her center place redeem and build;
So shall our God be glorified,
His Prophets’ words be all fulfilled.

Let Zion’s children know and tell,
Near and afar, where’er they go,
There is a God in Israel,
Whose Prophet is Lorenzo Snow.

JULY, 1899.

**"A MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD LIKE A
MEDICINE."**

BUILD high, and build not for failure and weariness;

Good angels aid when the structure is bright;
Dark ones assist in depression and dreariness;
Cast off the shadows and live in the light.

[CHORUS.]

Not to all, missions fall, as to Franklin and Edison,
To ope wondrous windows that light the world's
path;

But a merry heart doeth good like a medicine,
And each heart may render such light as it hath.

Mark the glad smile of the kind, faithful President,
Cheering all spirits and warming each soul;
Who hath not joy to be counted a resident
Of the bright realm that is 'neath such control?

[CHORUS.]—Not to all, etc.

While some great message of peace o'er the wire
glides,

Blessing the world with the news it imparts,
Not less divine, sweet notes at our home firesides,
Hands clasped in friendship, with love-welded
hearts.

[CHORUS.]—Not to all, etc.

NEAR THE GATE.

To President Wilford Woodruff, on His Ninetieth Birthday, March
1, 1897.

THOU favored Prophet of the Lord most high!
So near thou standest to the holy gate,
Which entrance to the great tribunal leads,
Where sits in council, o'er the world's affairs—
And things respecting worlds innumerable—
The court supreme, the high Omnipotence,
That as we look on thee, our thoughts revert
To Moses, when upon Mount Sinai,
He talked with God and then to Israel.
We listen for thy voice to speak God's word
Unto His chosen sons and daughters now,
As Moses spake to Jacob's children then.

Not out of Egypt, but from every land
Is Israel gathered in this latter time;
Not unto Canaan, but to Deseret,
A land of promise and a home of peace
To all who love and serve the one true God;
And thousands still are gathering year by year.
But ah! too much like ancient Israel,
Hardheartedness and stubbornness of will
Oft hold us from receiving precious gifts
And blessings which the Lord would fain bestow.
Teach us, thou friend of God, to better know

And understand and serve and worship Him.
Teach us humility; and plead for us,
That all our hearts may softened be, and pure;
That we may follow closely after thee,
And with thee stand, at last, inside the gate.

As Moses' hands were steadied and upheld
By Aaron and by Hur upon the mount,
While Israel prevailed against their foes,
So may thy counselors, George and Joseph, stand
Forever firm, as they have ever been,
Sustaining thee, while Israel of today
Shall triumph over all opposing powers.
And may thy days and years be lengthened out,
To lead the Saints from underneath each ban,
Which now restrains their efforts and their aims,
To victory and honor, full and free,
When they are humbled, purified and cleansed
From all that hinders greater progress now.
And may they better learn to prize thy worth,
To emulate thy meekness and thy faith.
To fully trust and truly venerate
The man who stands so near the Heavenly Gate.



Sorrow and merriment, the two extremes, hath
each its work to do for human souls; and those who
often feel the touch of both, develop rapidly.

“A CARD OF HONOR.”

To Sister Emmeline B. Wells.

OH, blessed sunshine! I rejoice to see
You honor this dear day, which is to be
A sweet remembrance, to honor one
Who has so many good and bright things done
To make the world more beautiful and fair,
And burdens, heavy oft, less hard to bear.
I, too, would honor this bright day, and she
Who is the day's dear, honored guest to be.
I, too, am honored to be welcomed here,
By those who call her blest, her children dear.
And this shall be my wish, beloved Aunt Em,
To always welcome be with you and them.
My wish for you, that your kind deeds of worth,
Be lengthened out yet many years on earth.
Your life and strength and vigor be renewed.
And all the way, like youthful bloom be strew'd
With love's fair flowers, by friendship's labors won:
And in that land, where shines perpetual sun,
Count me, dear heart, among your friends, alway,
To honor you, in glad, celestial day.

CANNON'S FARM, SALT LAKE CITY,
FEBRUARY 28, 1903.

THE MASTERPIECE.

THIS morning I heard a short discourse delivered to a select congregation. It was not given from notes, but by inspiration from heaven. The chief point made by the speaker, I consider worthy of being kept in view, so I will give it in my way, and pass it along for others to take up and repeat, as they may feel impressed to do.

The sermon told, in substance, that there had been a certain, important room which was to be painted. The work of art was given over to a master artist, and he employed others to work under his direction. He would say to one, "I want you to fill in this portion of the room with the designs I will furnish you, and in the colors I shall select for you." And to another he would say, "I would like you to paint these designs here, and notice that the blending of the colors must be done like this." And so on; to each of his assistants he gave the plan which he desired should be worked out in each particular part of the room.

The result was a wonderful work of harmony and completeness in the painting of the room. The under artists had not realized that such would be the case. They simply followed the directions, and carried out the plans of their master. But the master himself had the whole design mapped out in his mind

beforehand, and could tell each one of his artists just what he wanted him to do.

Now, we, in a certain sense, as children of our Father in Heaven, are like those under-artists; and our Father is the great and all-wise Master. He has the whole plan of the work of salvation in His mind. He gives to each one of us the portion to do that in His wisdom is best suited to us.

We often fail to see anything more of the pattern to be formed than just the small spots upon which we are at work. But if we do the sections assigned us well and faithfully, no matter how little we see now of the perfect work to be wrought out, when it is finished, we shall look with joy and satisfaction upon the portions we have done.

We must work as our Master designs, not as we ourselves might consider best; because we know so little of the whole plan. But through obedience and faithfulness, we can fill our allotments in the ways which, taking them altogether, will produce the most harmonious blending of shades, and fitting together of patterns that could possibly be arranged.

Our own lives belong to the wonderful picture, the grand masterpiece, which is being painted by the artist children of our Father, everywhere. And no matter how well we may work for a time, unless we keep up to the lines drawn for us, we are each liable to make a false touch, or blotch of some kind, that will mar the beauty of our former efforts, or perhaps cut

us out of the picture altogether. Then how unsatisfactory our whole life-works would be, not only to ourselves, but to the Master as well. What father would consider a family group-picture of his household complete, with some of the members left out?

And shall we mar the excellence of our Father's masterpiece by acts of folly or wickedness that would render us unworthy to appear in the places we should fill? We trust that such will not be the case with any of us. Let us study carefully every line to be drawn, every tint to be produced, every figure to be brought out, and all things that are appointed for us to do, according to the will of Him, Who is the designer of the great masterpiece.



A THREAD OF THOUGHT.

Written for the Relief Society Jubilee, March 17, 1892.

MY thoughts flew back, like a shuttle,
 To our first known record of time;
 And looping that "thread" with the present,
 I have woven them into rhyme.

When the morning stars, together,
 Sang out their joyous praise;
 And the new, bright sun, in splendor,
 Sent forth its cheering rays;

Dispelling the night's cool vapors,
And chasing the clouds away;
That the evening and the morning
Might complete the grand, First day—

We were there, with God, our Father,
And voted "Thy will be done!"
And our Mother, Queen in Heaven,
Smiled on us, every one.
Smiled on each Eve, each Sarah,
Rachel, Rebecca and Ruth,
Elizabeth, Mary and Martha,
Each daughter that stood for truth.

We were *all*, ALL there, my sisters!
And we loved each other well;
And doubtless selected class-mates,
With whom upon earth to dwell.
With whom we would learn and labor,
And our Father marked the course
For each, and we all accepted;
Nothing was done by force.

We can think how, some of us, gazing
Down the long, long line of years,
Had sufficient faith and courage,
To enter as volunteers.
While others, afraid of their weakness,
And by earth's strange shadows appalled,

Longed to follow, and yet, concluded
To wait till their names were called.

And some, even then, with a shudder,
Held fast to the Gracious Hand,
And asked, "Shall I have power,
On those slippery heights to stand?
Can you really trust me, Father,
And shall I be strong enough,
To carry those heavy burdens
O'er places so dark and rough?"

And our Father, in loving pity,
Gave answer, "Your guides shall bring
Your messages to me, always,
And I'll help you, in everything.
Never forget, my daughter,
The sacred password, *prayer*;
Keep it always, within your bosom,
And whisper it everywhere."

Well! Here we are, my sisters,
In the classes we came to fill;
Learning our daily lessons,
Doing our Father's will.
He will clasp our hands with welcomes,
When the mystic veil is drawn,
And as conquerors we enter,
Where we hailed the First Great Dawn.

GLIMPSES BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

Written for Presidents, Zina D. H. Young and Jane S. Richards,
on their Birthday, Jan. 31, 1901.

SOMETIMES, in thought, we seem to look within
The spirit world, where life and works begin.

Not yet a hundred years ago, there stood
Two sister spirits, gentle, fair and good;
Zina and Jane, together worked and walked,
And often of their wondrous future talked.

Once Zina said, "I'm called, and now must go
To be embodied on that earth below."

I think they wept, because they likely knew
That mortal years must pass, if only two,
Ere Jane should follow; but they said, "Ah, well!
'Tis Father's plan, and *we* will not rebel."

And so they parted, Zina came to earth,
A tiny, struggling infant, at its birth;
And as a deep sleep had enwrapped her mind,
She had forgotten all she left behind.
But—sure enough, in two years, to a day,
Came Janie, following in the selfsame way.

Forgetting all, and struggling now, for breath,
Scarce nearer unto life than unto death,
Yet born to live, and help the marvelous plan
Of life eternal to be wrought for man.
And since those spirits found to earth the way,
Is eighty years, and seventy-eight, today.

As in two different towns their births were cast,
They met not till their childhood's years were past.
But when the Gospel in each heart found place,
And drew the two together, face to face,
There must have been a tender, mutual thrill
Of recognition, which connects them still.

And all the way, for sixty years or more,
They've worked together as they did before,
In that first life; they stand as there they stood,
Two faithful sisters, loving, true and good.
One may precede the other onward; then,
As when they parted first, they'll weep, again.

Look forward, seventy-eight and eighty years;
What rapturous scenes of glory there appears!
Zina and Jane their birthdays celebrate,
What noble mansions! And the throngs how great!
Prophets and kings and queens—account here stops;
We'll write it in its time. The curtain drops.



OH! eyes that smile and lips that sing,
How much you help the world along,
By soothing pain and suffering.
Oh! grave old world, you do not know,
How very, very much you owe,
To pleasant smile and cheery song.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

CALM and peaceful be the thought,
With our Christmas greetings fraught,
Tokens of that blessed day,
When Christ in the manger lay.

Fair young Mary wept and smiled,
O'er the new-born Savior child;
Lowliest and humblest birth,
Yet the Lord of Heaven and earth.

Trace His life—that Savior King—
Man of grief and suffering;
Ye who sorrow, ye who weep,
From this thought may comfort reap.

Ye whom worldly pomp embowers,
Look down, from your pride-built towers;
Mark the pattern Christ hath given,
For all who shall enter Heaven.

Sell your goods, give to the poor,
And your titles thus secure;
Paths of selfish gain and greed,
Unto Heaven cannot lead.

To the child, Christ never said
"Follow where these men have led,
In the paths of greed and gain,
God's fair kingdom to obtain."

But a little child He placed
In the midst of men, and traced
Thus a pattern for their guide,
Free from vain, unholy pride.

"Like this little child," said He,
"All who enter Heaven must be."
Oh, how simple, plain and straight,
Is that path to Heaven's gate!

Shall we, can we, cast aside,
Man's and woman's foolish pride,
That like little children, we,
In Christ's home may welcome be?

Can we with each other share,
One another's burdens bear,
Do away with selfish greed,
That we may be Christ's indeed?

If we can, this Christmas day,
Like the little children pray,
We may sing with angels then,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

PREPARATION.

SO much is said, so much is done,
To make old Christmas merry,
With pleasant jokes and guileless fun,
It should be joyous, very.
Bright hopes, and little cause for fear,
With blessings crown the closing year.

Since first this old year to us came—
Take now a retrospection;
What have we earned of praise or blame,
Of favor or correction?
I said 'have we,' I'll say, 'have I'—
My neighbor's case I need not try.

But on my own, of right I sit,
As jury, judge and marshal;
And though I find grave flaws in it,
I still must be impartial;
And state, the evidence I find,
Shows faults, but motives not unkind.

And here (in common phrase,) I'll start
To "weeding my own garden,"
By asking, from my inmost heart,
My friends' and neighbors' pardon,
Wherein I've offered anything,
That could distrust or censure bring.

And humbly, too, I wish to say,
 To all who may have striven;
For you, as for myself I pray,
 That all may be forgiven;
And meet, from disputations free,
The grand year, eighteen ninety-three.

Again, unto myself I'll speak;
 To concentrate my labors,
I'll earnestly and kindly seek,
 To bless my poorer neighbors;
Religion, undefiled and pure,
Means visit and relieve the poor.

And from the world, its sins and strife,
 To keep myself unspotted;
If this I do, I lead the life
 To faithful Saints allotted.
God grant that through the coming year,
My page may truly thus appear.

And give Thy people grace and power,
 To make full preparation,
For that sublime and august hour,
 Thy Temple's dedication.
With all that's said and all that's done,
In this, oh may the Saints be one!

DECEMBER, 1892.

ENCOURAGE THE CHILDREN.

ENCOURAGE the children; don't censure too much,
'Tis debasing to always be scolded;
We train infant plants with such delicate touch—
Should not hearts be as carefully molded?

Have patience, dear father, your boy now so rude,
So thoughtless, on every hand chided,
Will bless you some day, for the kind, cautious mood,
Which his wild youth successfully guided.

The follies and notions and hobbies on which
His mind now so recklessly bent is,
Will change for realities, wholesome and rich,
As he passes high up in his twenties.

No matter how oft you are forced to repeat
The lessons of wisdom and reason;
In the glad harvest time will your joy be complete,
For the good seeds you planted in season.

Fond mother, the daughter that worries you so,
With her frivolous fancies and teasing;
'Neath your wise, loving culture, like magic will grow
Into womanhood, useful and pleasing.

A strange, trying time is this great Latter-day;
 The children are vexed with temptations;
 Satan doubles his forces to lead them astray,
 In this greatest of all dispensations.

So parents must double their forces to guard,
 Use every just scheme and invention;
 Think nothing too trifling, nothing too hard,
 If 'twill win a child's love and attention.

Dear father and mother, let prayer but enhance
 All your counsel, and some day they'll heed it;
 And grandpa and grandma, and uncles and aunts,
 Encourage the children, they need it.



A GOOD THING THAT NEED NOT BE SHARED.

TO obtain the greatest degree of satisfaction from the performance of a benevolent and praiseworthy deed it must be done privately, and afterwards kept by the doer a self-sustained secret. The moment it is "given away" its value diminishes, being divided with others. In this regard it may be looked upon as the opposite of nearly all desirable possessions, and considered the one good thing which it is justifiable to hold as your own, and not share even with your best friends.

COME IN DREAMS.

Music by Evan Stephens.

Andante *f* *pp* *poco* *rit.*

1. Sweet one! although 'mid all my wak - ing hours, Thou may'st not come with
2. The winter storms and shades have come and pass'd, My darling, since these
3. Let thy dear eyes look tend'rest love in mine, Thy clasping arms a -
4. And this I crave, above all else be - side, 'That with God's will I

rit *a tempo*

gentle, soothing pow'rs; Yet when night's shadows hover dimly 'round, And sleep steals
eyes beheld thee last; And spring is passing swiftly as of yore, And summer
round my neck entwine, Thy fingers smooth my hair in soft ca-ress. And thy pure
may be sat - is - fied; And ev - er feel He doeth all things well, And grateful -

rit *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

on and stills all earthly sound, My soul lights up with soft, refulgent gleams, For thou, be-
soon will gladden earth once more, 'Mid all the splendor of its radiant beams, Thou wilt not
lips my own with kisses bless; While thus with hallow'd thoughts fond memory teems, Prolong thy
ly His wondrous mercies tell; And while the years flit by, like mountain streams, Thank Him for

lov'd, art with me in my dreams, For thou, belov'd, art with me in my dreams.
 come, save in fair, blissful dreams. Thou wilt not come, save in fair, blissful dreams.
 sa - cred vis - its in my dreams, Prolong thy sa - cred vis - its in my dreams.
 thy sweet presence in my dreams, Thank Him for thy sweet presence in my dreams.

ff *dim.* *p* *cres.* *rit.*

Oh blessed night! Of peace and rest and cheer, Though long and com - fort -

Oh blessed night! Of peace and rest and cheer, Though long and com - fort -

less the day oft seems; Oh, an - gel vis - it - or draw near!

less the day oft seems; Oh, an - gel vis - it - or draw near!

Soli. ad lib. *rit.* *f* *Tutti* *D.S.*

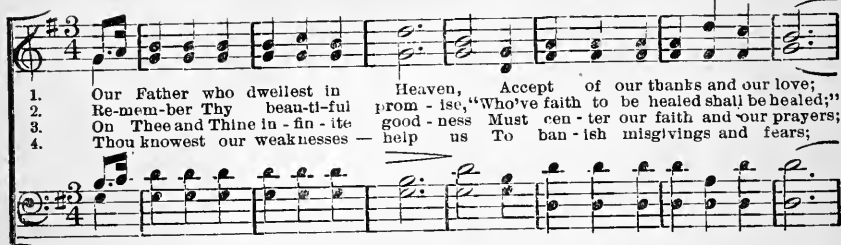
Come, come to me in dreams, come, come, come to me in dreams, sweet, happy dreams.

come, sweet, happy dreams.

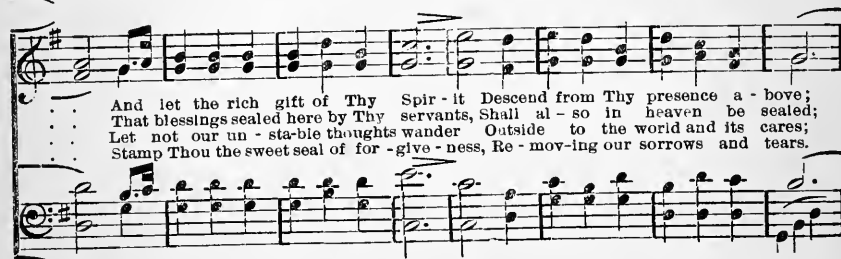
PRAYER SONG.

For the afflicted.

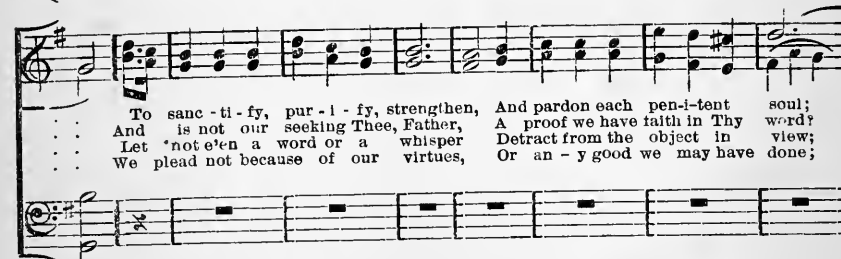
Music by Joseph G. Fones.



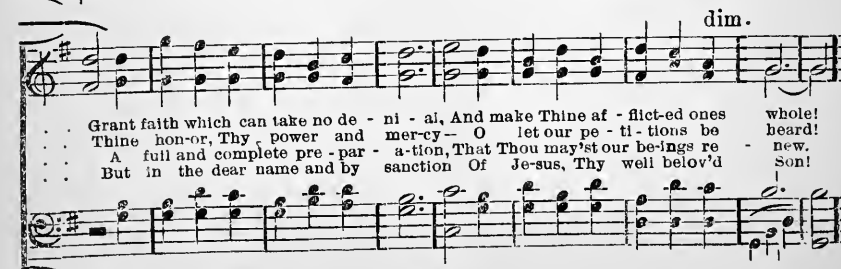
1. Our Father who dwellest in Heaven, Accept of our thanks and our love;
 2. Re-mem-ber Thy beau-ti-ful prom-ise, "Who've faith to be healed shall be healed;"
 3. On Thee and Thine in-finite good-ness Must cen-ter our faith and our prayers;
 4. Thou knowest our weaknesses — help us To ban-ish misgivings and fears;



And let the rich gift of Thy Spir-it Descend from Thy presence a-bove;
 That blessings sealed here by Thy servants, Shall al-so in heaven be sealed;
 Let not our un-sta-ble thoughts wander Outside to the world and its cares;
 Stamp Thou the sweet seal of for-give-ness, Re-mov-ing our sorrows and tears.



To sanc-ti-fy, pur-1-fy, strengthen, And pardon each pen-i-tent soul;
 And is not our seeking Thee, Father, A proof we have faith in Thy word?
 Let 'not e'en a word or a whisper Detract from the object in view;
 We plead not because of our virtues, Or an-y good we may have done;



Grant faith which can take no de-ni-al, And make Thine af-flict-ed ones whole!
 Thine hon-or, Thy power and mer-cy— O let our pe-ti-tions be heard!
 A full and complete pre-par-a-tion, That Thou may'st our be-lings re-new.
 But in the dear name and by sanc-tion Of Je-sus, Thy well be-lov'd Son!

PART THIRD.



THE CHILDREN'S GARLAND.







GREETING.

From a very little child.

HOW dy do today?
I'm so glad to see you!
Hope you've come to stay;
You're not sorry, be you?

Don't this crowd look fine?
To do our best we'll try;
Please make talks like mine—
"Short and sweet"—Goodbye!



JESUS' LOVE.

JESUS loves us all so much
That He died that we might live;
Let this thought my feelings touch,
And a timely warning give.

That I ne'er may step aside,
From the way that I should go,
And through folly, or by pride,
Grieve the One who loves me so!

FATHER AND MOTHER.

HELP your father, boy, today,
While you may!
He may not always be with you,
To show you what and how to do;
Heed him, help him, boy, today,
While you may!

Kiss your mother, little man,
While you can!
Some day, the ocean, deep and wide,
May bear you from that mother's side;
Cheer her, kiss her, little man,
While you can!

A GREETING TO "THE FRIEND OF THE
LITTLE ONES."

For the Children of the Primary Associations in honor of President Joseph F. Smith.

TUNE: "Beautiful land of rest."

THOU friend of God, we welcome you,
Friend of the little ones;
We hail thy smile so warm and true,
Friend of the little ones.

We love thy gracious voice to hear,
So full of kind and pleasant cheer,
We gladly greet thee, friend most dear,
The friend of the little ones.

Brother and friend, brother and friend!
Friend of the little ones;
Brother and friend, brother and friend!
Friend of the little ones.

You'll join with us in songs and play,
Friend of the little ones;
On this our joyous, festal day,
Friend of the little ones.
How favored is our lot, and blest,
Our pleasure cannot be express'd,
To honor thee, our noble guest,
The friend of the little ones.

Brother and friend, etc.

Thy dear companions, too, we greet,
Friend of the little ones;
With loving welcome fond and sweet,
Friend of the little ones.
No greater name we call thee now,
But when at morn and eve we bow,
How thou art mentioned, knowest thou?
Great friend of the little ones.

Brother and friend, etc.

MORNING.

“**M**ORNING glories, morning glories,
 ‘Wake and tell your pretty stories.
We, the little children, woke,
When our gentle mamma spoke.
Then she jumped us out of bed,
Kissed our cheeks and made them red.
Morning glories, pink and blue,
Who has kissed and colored you?
Red ones, too, and purple bright,
And the modest, pearly white.”

It may be the children dreamed;
But the flowers said, it seemed—
“We are children of the sun;
By his kiss the work is done,
Making purple, pink and red,
Others blue or white instead.
You should watch him, while you play,
In his happy work all day;
Warming, lighting everything,
Flow’rs to bloom and birds to sing.

But dear children, there is One,
Greater, stronger than the sun.”
“Yes,” the little children said,
“Just before we go to bed,

Mamma teaches us to pray
Unto God, who rules the day;
He who makes the sun to rise,
And go traveling through the skies."
Then the flow'rs, and children all,
Heard the merry sunbeams call—

"'Waken! 'tis the time to praise
Him, who rules the hours and days."
Now the children rub their eyes,
And to answer, each one tries—
Not the sunbeams, flow'rs nor birds,
But their mamma's gentle words,
Calling in her loving way—
"How you children sleep today!
Papa wants you all down stairs;
It is time for morning prayers."



ANGEL GUIDES.

Recitation for June 1st, in honor of President Brigham Young's
Birthday.

JUST as the May moon ended,
At th' sweet June roses' birth,
As spring with th' summer blended,
Came a baby boy to earth.

The sunshine shimmered brightly,
Softly his angels sung;
His parents' hearts beat lightly,
And they named him—BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Little they knew the story
The world would hear some day;
But angels of light and glory
Guided him all the way.

E'er prompt to heed their voices,
He became a leader, too;
Now, how the earth rejoices
O'er what he was led to do.

A "shepherd" true and tender,
This land with the Saints he filled;
Behold the Temple's splendor,
God taught him how to build!

His work on the earth was finished;
He died, 'twas the Father's will;
But his pow'r was not diminished,
He's a guide and a leader still.

Often we think he can hear us,
Sharing our joys or distress;
We feel he is often near us,
To comfort and aid and bless.

The closer such guides we treasure,
Following in and out,
The more we shall find true pleasure,
The less be burdened with doubt.

If we'll visit the Temple often,
Doing our duties besides,
Our spirits and hearts will soften,
Till we'll know our Angel Guides.



FUNERAL HYMN.

For a little child.

TUNE: "Nearer my God to Thee."

PEACE to thee, little one! gone from our fold;
Quickly thy race was run, thy story told.
Peace to the hearts that mourn, sadly bereft and torn,
Christ hath all sorrows borne—God's will be done.

Let not our hearts remain 'neath the cold sod,
Where thy fair form is lain; lead us to God;
Where thy pure spirit bright, basks in eternal light,
Where there is no more night, no death nor pain.

Though from thy mother's breast, death carries thee,
By angel arms caress'd, now thou art free,
In glory like the sun—God's loving will be done—
Peace to thee, little one! Rest, darling, rest!

OBEDIENCE.

OBEDIENCE is Heaven's first law;
Order is its result;
This is a lesson good to learn,
For child and for adult.

We children never should forget,
At books, at work, or play,
That we, our parents good and true,
Must cheerfully obey.

And next to them our teachers kind,
May our obedience claim,
In day school, or in Sunday school,
Or Primary, the same.

Unless this first great law of Heaven,
Is rightly understood,
All other things that we may learn,
Will do us little good.

To build a grand and splendid house,
Would foolish be, and wrong,
If the foundation were not laid
Firm, suitable and strong.

So with our minds, if we in youth,
Would sure foundations lay,
We must begin with this first law,
To hearken and obey.

LET THEM COME UNTO ME.

TUNE: "Come to me, will ye come," in the L. D. S. Psalmody.

THOU hast said, "Let them come," oh our Savior
and Lord!

"Let the little ones come"—Thine Apostles record,
Who were with Thee on earth, and Thy kind face
didst see,

When Thou saidst, "Let the little ones come unto
me."

Thou wouldst not be too weary to see them that day,
And forbidst Thy disciples to turn them away;
To the babes and their mothers, Thy welcome wast
free,

When Thou saidst, "Let the little ones come unto
me."

And now, dearest Lord, Jesus, our Savior and Friend,
We are here for Thy blessings, oh let them descend!
Let us feel that Thy favors and mercies must be,
Now, as when Thou first saidst, "Let them come unto
me."

Let us feel the calm strength and pure warmth of Thy
love;

That the light of Thy glorious smile from above,
May bring us to a sure, sacred nearness with Thee,
Who hast said, "Let the little ones come unto me."

OUR BABY,

Sweet Afton.

BLOW gently, low zephyrs,
O'er newly made graves,
Where birds gently warble,
And bright brooklet laves.
Our baby, sweet Afton,
Might hear, should ye weep;
Sing lullaby softly,
Disturb not his sleep.

Ye starry-eyed angels,
Of mercy and love,
Who guard little children,
In bright homes above;
Ye see Father always,
Our lone message bear,
Remember, the baby,
Sweet Afton is there.

And Jesus, Thou solace
Of mortals who weep,
In Thy loving service
This mother's heart keep!
Her baby, sweet Afton,
Has gone from her sight;
But Thy "yoke is easy,"
Thy "burden is light."

BIG LETTERS.

'TIS Sunday morning, mamma,
How bright the sunshine looks;
I want to pray, for makers
Of papers and of books.

Last night, while papa held me,
And read aloud to you,
I looked across the paper,
And tried to read it, too.

The words as papa read them,
I could not understand;
And so I read big letters,
Above and 'neath his hand.

But all of those big letters,
Said POLITICS and GOLD,
And MEDICINE and SILVER,
And DRESS GOODS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

I like to read big letters,
But want the words some good;
And think they might be made so,
If book-men understood.

I'll ask the Lord to teach them,
On low lines and above,
To tell in big, plain letters,
Of GOD and FAITH and LOVE.

CHILDREN I HAVE SEEN.

For the Boys.

A LADY was one day going home from town. The street car ran within two blocks of her home. She rode to the corner nearest her house, then the car stopped and she got off. She had been marketing, and had a basketful of things to carry.

Some large shade trees grew on the sidewalk where the lady passed. A little boy was climbing one of the trees. When he saw the lady with the basket he came down quickly, for he knew her.

"Let me carry your basket, Sister R.," he said to the lady. "Oh, thank you, Willie!" the lady replied, smiling at him and allowing him to help her. "I can carry it," said Willie, kindly drawing the basket away from the lady. "Is it not too heavy for you?" she asked.

"Oh, no!" said Willie, "I can easily carry it."

"But were you going this way?" asked the lady.

"I was not going anywhere; I was just playing," answered Willie. "And I can as well carry this home for you as to climb a tree."

So Willie carried the basket all the way to the lady's gate, when she thanked him again, and he said, very politely, "You are welcome," and then ran back towards his own home.

Another little boy was on his way to school one morning, when he saw an old lady carrying a baby and a bundle of sticks. She had picked up the sticks about the streets, and was taking them home for kindling wood.

It was too early for school, and as the boy knew he should have some time for play before the bell would ring, he offered to carry the wood home for the old lady. Her home was some distance out of his way to school, but he did not mind that.

The lady let him carry the bundle of sticks to her gate. Then she thanked him and offered him a nickel, but he would not take it. He said, "Oh, no! thank you, keep your money; you are quite welcome to the little help I have given you. I should only have been playing, and it was just as good exercise to carry your wood for you."

How much good would be done in the world even by boys, if they could always be as thoughtful, and as politely helpful as the two were of whom I have been telling.



For the Girls.

A FEW days ago I was visiting at the house of a friend. A number of bright, little boys were there, but only one girl belongs to the family. She is nine years old.

"See my flower, auntie," said the little girl, holding up to me a pretty and very natural looking artificial rose.

'It is beautiful,' I answered, 'did you make it?'

Her mother told me the child did make it; and asked her to bring her vase of flowers for me to look at.

As I noticed the neatness of the stems and leaves which the tiny fingers had formed, I thought, 'This little girl will, likely, make an artist, but I hope it will not hinder her becoming useful in more practical ways as well.'

By and by the house maid came in from the kitchen, and in telling the lady something about the dinner, which she said was nearly ready, mentioned that the little girl was preparing the tomatoes.

I dined with them, and found everything very good; and when I tasted the tomatoes, I concluded there was little danger that the love of art would spoil the nine-year-old girl who could prepare so nice a dish for dinner.

At another house I heard a tired looking woman say she must go and mix her bread.

"Let me do it, won't you aunt?" asked a thirteen-year-old girl.

"If you can, and will, my dear; I shall be very pleased to let you," answered the tired lady. She then gave the child some instructions about the work, and off went the girl to the kitchen.

I liked that girl for her kindness and willingness to

help with the work. After the bread was baked, I saw and tasted it, and it not only proved to be light and sweet, but, as a crowning feature of success, it was well baked, being neither browned too much nor under-done, showing that the whole matter had been carefully attended to.

The same day, I also heard the same little girl that made and baked the bread, (for she was allowed to do the whole of it,) practicing on the parlor organ.

Do you not think, my little lady friends, that all this shows us how girls who wish to be useful in life may help with the house work, and learn to play music and make pretty things as well?

When you are idly wishing, and the hours seem dull
and slow,
Get up and find some useful work—and see how swift
they go.



ORDER RULE.

Class Recitation.

ORDER is something so refined,
So beautiful and good,
By every one, both old and young,
It should be understood.

So happy its results, so great
The lessons which it teaches,
It saves time, temper, strength and thought,
And often hasty speeches.

We little folks, when we go home
From meeting, school or play,
Should always put hats, mittens, coats
And overshoes away.

Our papers, pencils, books and slates,
Must not be lying loose,
But always neatly kept in place,
When they are not in use.

If for our own we have no drawer,
No shelf, or box, or sack,
We'll ask our parents, kind and dear,
To furnish what we lack.

Then have "a place for everything,
And everything kept in it,"
So anything we want to use,
We'll find in half a minute.

If, while we're young, attention to
This order rule is given,
'Twill help us all our lives on earth,
And afterwards in heaven.

ANGEL WATCHERS.

IT was evening, and the children,
Two bright, laughing, happy boys,
Were reminded it was bed-time—
They must cease their sport and noise.

Then a gentle, sweet-souled maiden,
Called the boys to be undressed;
And we heard her talking to them,
While preparing them for rest.

“You must let me wash your faces,”
(Words she murmured such as these,)
“So that while the angels watch you,
They may kiss you, if they please.”

Angel Watchers kissing children,
Beautiful and happy thought!
Which the rosy, guileless cherubs,
Loving, trusting, quickly caught.

Silently they pondered o’er it,
Slyly into bed they crept;
And with smiles their faces dimpled,
Angels watching while they slept.

In the morning mamma found them,
Still so fresh and sweet and bright,
That it seemed the Angel Watchers
Must have kiss’d them in the night.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

First Evening.

“**I** WISH you could play more quietly, children,” said a mother to her two little sons, one evening last winter.

“Tell us a story, mother, and we will sit down and be right still,” said one of the boys.

“Yes, mother, please tell us a story!” chimed in the younger brother, and they each drew a chair close to their mother as she sat at work.

“What shall I tell you about?” asked the mother, exchanging a smile with their grandma, at seeing how quiet they had already become.

“Tell us about the world,” said the elder son. And then something like the following conversation took place between the mother and the two boys, the eldest of whom was not then six years old.

Mother. “Who made the world?”

Both boys. “The Lord.”

M. “Yes; the Lord made the earth and the heavens. At first ‘the earth was without form,’ that is, the things of which it was made were all mixed together and there was no regular shape to them; and the earth was void, or empty, and it was all dark. But the Lord divided the land from the water, and made lights.”

First boy. “How did he do it, mother?”

Second boy. "How could He do it?"

M. "I can't tell you *how* He did it, but He knew how it could be done. He knows many things that men and women do not know. But when you are older you will understand some things that you cannot understand now."

Second boy. "Why don't you know how the Lord made the world, mother?"

First boy. Can't you learn how He did it?"

M. "No, I can only learn a little about it. The Lord knows a great deal that men and women do not know how to find out, the same as men and women know many things that children have not learned. I know how to make bread, but you don't, do you?"

First boy. "Yes I do. You take a pan with some flour and yeast to make bread."

Second boy. "And a spoon."

M. "And is that all?"

First boy. "No, you have to have milk or water to stir in it."

M. "Well, I'm glad you notice so much of what is done around you; I hope you will always try to learn all you can about everything that can be of use to you. Now you must go to bed, and if we can we will talk more about the world tomorrow evening."

Second Evening.

First boy. "Are you going to sit down this evening, mother, and tell us more about the world?"

Mother. "Yes, I'm nearly ready. You bring the chairs up towards the fire."

Second boy. "Light the lamp first, won't you, mother? It's getting too dark."

M. "Yes. We'll have the lamp lit. There, I told you last evening that all the earth was dark until the Lord made lights. Do you know what it was He made to shine on the earth and light it?"

Second boy. "The sun."

M. "He made the sun to shine in the daytime, to give warmth and light; and what lights did He make to shine at night?"

Second boy. "The moon and stars?"

First boy. "Mother, when He made those lights, why did He not make two suns instead of a moon, so that when one was down the other would be up, and it would be daylight all the time?"

M. "Because that would not have been so well as the way He did. He knows better than anyone else what is best for the earth which He has made, and all that live upon it. He knew we should all need time for rest; and He made the day a time for us to work in and the night a time for sleep and rest. Even the birds and animals need rest, and when night comes most of them remain quiet until morning."

First boy. "But some wild beasts go about in dark nights and hunt for food, don't they?"

Second boy. "Grandma read to us about some that do; are they tigers, mother?"

M. "There are wild beasts, as you say, that go about seeking their food in the night; perhaps some tigers do so at times. But when the Lord made the earth and all the things that live upon it, men were not wicked nor beasts wild and dangerous as some of them are now. The Lord saw that all He had made was good, and all things were at peace with each other."

First boy. "Why didn't they stay good? What made them grow wild and wicked?"

M. "It was through disobedience; through man's not keeping the word of the Lord, that wickedness was brought into the world. We have not talked yet about the first man that the Lord made; but you have heard about him in Sunday School and Primary. What was the name of the first man the Lord made?"

Second boy. "The name of the first man was Adam."

M. "Yes; and what was the name of the woman whom the Lord made to be Adam's wife?"

First boy. "Eve was the name of the first woman."

M. "And where did Adam and Eve live at first?"

Second boy. "In the Lord's garden."

M. "That is right. Now you are getting sleepy and must go to bed."

These evenings at home were carried on for a long, long time. And they grew better and better. But the two examples here given may help some young

mothers and little children to think. For they may not have thought how pleasant and profitable time at home may be made. It can be made so if the mother and children talk together of profitable things instead of the children playing always by themselves, and the mother being too much occupied with her own thoughts or the conversation of older people.



VOICES.

A New Year's Recitation.

First Voice.

DON'T you hear the Old Year,
Calling to the New?
Telling him to prove himself
Diligent and true.

Like a kind, old father,
Whose great course is run,
Speaking wisely, tenderly,
To his first, brave son.

Telling him whatever comes,
Manfully and strong,
He must still defend the right,
And oppose the wrong.

That the glory and the fame,
Careless worldlings sing,
Know not of the holy peace
Truth and virtue bring.

That whatever wealth or pow'r
Earth may seem to show,
Heavenly wisdom is the best
Man can ever know.

Boys, I think your fathers
Speak the same to you,
That I hear the wise Old Year
Saying to the New.

And I also farther think,
It belongs to you,
One and all, as faithful sons,
To both hear and do.

Second Voice.

Listen now to Summer,
Calling out to Spring,
Like an echo far away,
Softly whispering!

"Wait, my child, in readiness,"
(This I hear her say,)
"Let your bridegroom find you here,
Chide not his delay.

Be not restless soon to meet
Winter face to face;
To extend your maiden hand,
Wooing his embrace.

For of all the beauteous gems
Woman loves to wear,
Purity and modesty
Are most sweet and rare.

Cling to these, whatever comes,
As a sacred guide;
And the noblest king might be
Proud of such a bride.

Let them grace your fair, meek brow,
Wheresoe'er you go,
As the brightest, richest crown
Heaven could bestow.

Nurse them chastely, lovingly,
In your fresh, young heart;
They will grow instinctively,
Of your life a part!"

Girls, I think our mothers
Talk to us as much
As the Summer to the Spring—
Let our lives be such.

Such that they, our mothers good,
Who are pleading thus,
May have cause for thankfulness,
Pride and joy in us.



A SONG OF THE CHILDREN.

To Parents and Friends.

TUNE: "I'm not too young for God to see."

'TIS not that we are good or wise,
Or have great things to say or do,
That your kind presence here we prize,
Our friends and parents, dear and true.

We're but beginners in the race,
That leads to all things great and good;
Yet hope the paths we'll safely trace,
Of noble man and womanhood.

For these are lessons we are taught,
By our dear teachers, and by you,
In every act and word and thought,
To honest be, and pure and true.

And when your int'rest thus you show,
And in our meetings sometimes share,
Our aims, united, surer grow,
At home and school and everywhere.

AN AFTER HOLIDAY STORY.

(Best read before Christmas.)

SANTA CLAUS has made his rounds, the winter holidays have passed, and you children who are old enough are again in school. Here is a story for you about a lady named Ina, her family and Christmas in their home.

At the Young Ladies' Conference, held on Friday, four days before Christmas, one of the sisters who was asked to speak, said she had been thinking about Christmas. And had thought how nice it would be if every one would do something really good for some one needing to be helped, instead of buying great lots of toys for children to throw about the house and door-yard.

Ina had thought the same thing. That evening, when the children were all in bed, her husband asked what books and toys they should get for Christmas. Ina told him the children had a number of nice books which they had not learned. And they were in no need of toys of any kind. She said, "let us give each of them some money, and let them all spend it to suit themselves." This plan was agreed to and the hard work of thinking what to get to please each one was cheerfully laid aside.

The next day, Saturday, Primary Conference was held. The children were given their money for

Christmas. They were all well pleased, and were talking gaily of what they would buy, when Ina started with them to go to Conference, and afterwards they were to go through town to see the holiday sights.

There were nine of the children, four of Ina's and five others who are living with them this winter and going to school.

Walking along, Ina spoke of the many great blessings they had, and asked the children what they thought they could do with their money that would bring them the most happiness. They all became very thoughtful.

After telling over some of the good things they were to have for dinner on Christmas, Ina spoke to them of their missionary uncle in England. He had, at one time, not long before, fasted for three days together, because he had no money to buy food. The Lord heard his prayers then, and he received means which had been delayed. The little ones, being reminded of this, all said at once, they would rather send their money to their uncle than to spend it any other way. These were their own feelings, without any reasoning on Ina's part. All of them, from the eldest down to the little three-year-old, said they *wanted* to send their money to their uncle instead of buying anything with it.

Some of you, dear little boys and girls, who may read this, will hardly believe it when told that after Conference was over, they walked all through town

and enjoyed the beautiful sights for hours, and not one of the darlings asked to buy or to have bought any one of the tempting articles in the windows or show cases. Yet it is the truth. They laughed and talked and enjoyed themselves greatly, but the sweet, good spirit which had prompted their generous resolve, to send their money to their uncle, never once left them.

To the three younger members of the household, Santa Claus came; it would have been unfair for him not to have visited them. But their beautiful linen books and lovely dolls, altogether, cost Santa Claus less than three dollars. While the sum collected and sent in a holiday letter to the missionary uncle, amounted to several times that sum.

Nor is this all. Those children agree that they never spent a happier holiday time than the one just past.

Let us hope that thousands of families are learning this choice lesson, that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

It is easy to think this, but it requires some courage and firmness, little friends, to work the precious thought into action, without which it is not of much worth.



Oft simple jest, mere pleasantry or fun,
Ends in "dead earnest," and great things are done.

LITTLE ROSEBUD.

A Christmas Recitation.

WE sat by the fireside, mother and I;
She sewed and I read, as the hours passed by;
Till "goodnight," first one, then another had said,
And the rest of the fam'ly had all gone to bed.

And still mother stitched, and still I read on,
Of Jesus, the Lord, from Saint Matthew and John;
For the next day was Christmas, and though often
told,

Again we must hear that sweet story of old.

At last her work finished, my mother arose,
And, like Santa, filled lovingly each little hose
As it hung by the fire; then, with strange, startled
look,

"Where's Rosebud?" she cried; I threw down my
book.

"Why, isn't she safe in her bed, mother dear?"

"No, no—she's not there—and her stocking's not
here!"

Then, how wildly we searched, I shall never forget,
For our little, lost Rosebud, the sweet, household pet!

So softly the door she had opened and shut,
That not one of us heard; winter roses she'd cut,
And we found her among them, when, gazing afar,
She tenderly asked, "Which is Jesus' bright star?"

I'll take Him these roses, they're all I could find
That would do for a gift to a Savior so kind;
He must love the flowers, so gentle was He,
When He said, 'Let the little ones come unto me!'



TWO BUT NOT TWINS.

THEY are not twins, exactly, no!
But Mary's years are not yet two;
And Baby Ralph is five weeks old—
"What will their poor, dear mamma do?"

What will she do? Why everything
That any loving mother ought;
She feeds her babies wholesome food,
And very wisely are they taught.

No jealousies are ever 'roused,
The parents show such prudent care;
And little Mary, with delight,
Will anything with brother share.

She thinks he is so cute and sweet,
So dainty and so dear and small,
He must need much of mamma's care,
And he can have it, nearly all.

It is most beautiful to see
This brave young mother, fond and true,
Who, sighing not for other joys,
Is happy with her babies two.



MOTHER.

SPEAK kindly to mother, young Clara and Fred,
To do else were cruel and wrong;
By daytime and nighttime, at work or in bed,
She is planning to help you along.
Smile gently on mother, Matthias and Nan,
To loving hearts let her be drawn;
Do all for her now that you possibly can,
Sometime her dear face will be gone.
And wee, toddling lispers, Melissa and Ray,
Don't forget mother's name in your prayers;
Ask Father in Heaven to bless her alway,
And help you to lighten her cares.
With tenderness speak, pray and work, one and all;
Thus home-love and joy will increase;
Think no task too heavy, no token too small,
That can bring mother comfort and peace.
For mother's sake, children, be upright and true,
Make not her heart anxious and sore;
She risked her life, darlings, for each one of you—
The Savior alone has done more.

PEACE OFFERINGS.

GATHER bright pansies,
Dear offerings of peace!
And send them abroad,
That the war notes may cease.

War is so cruel,
So full of dread pain,
Send the sweet pansies
To Cuba and Spain.

From green-house and garden,
From meadows and banks,
Gather and send through
The grand U. S. ranks.

Send unto Washington,
Russia and Greece,
Paris and London,
These tokens of peace.

Send to all seamen,
On steamer and yacht;
On all the great warships,
Oh, stay the death shot!

Tell men, everywhere,
What the pansies are for;
And ask, if they know,
Why they're going to war

Cry "Down with all weapons,
That slaughter and kill;
And take these fair emblems
Of peace and good will!"

Ah! little Deborah,
Your call would be vain,
To silence the war cry,
Its terror and pain.

War is decreed, and
The nations are doomed;
Yet not in vain have
The bright pansies bloomed.

Gather them, children,
Their message repeat;
Cherish its meaning,
Most precious and sweet.

Learn it and teach it,
That love may increase;
In the language of flowers
The pansy is peace.

Blessed peace-makers,
Wherever they trod;
They shall be known as
"The children of God."

APRIL, 1898.

ALMA'S VALENTINE FOR AUNT LIBBIE.

“**Y**OU will come up, both of you, tomorrow, won’t you? And come early, so we shall have time for a good talk,” said Mrs. Mary Makehome to her mother and sister, as she tied on little Beth’s hood preparatory to leaving those to whom the remark was addressed.

“We will, unless something happens to prevent,” replied Mary’s mother, wrapping the three-months-old baby up snugly and reaching him to Aunt Libbie to be placed in his perambulator.

Aunt Libbie kissed baby Don a couple of dozen times, more or less, making him laugh and kick in her arms, and then was about to lay him in his carriage when as if by magic, the carriage was rolled quickly out of her reach.

“You naughty Alma! You bring our carriage home right straight or you’ll catch it!” called out Aunt Libbie, pretending to scold, but laughing instead, when she saw her six-year-old nephew trying to hide under the perambulator while he rolled it out of her way.

“Alma, behave yourself. We are going now,” said Mrs. Makehome.

But the little boy, encouraged in his sport by Aunt Libbie’s running after the carriage while he hurled it swiftly about, did not hear, or at least did not heed

his mother. Leaving her sister to have a romp with the children, Mary sat down by her mother and said wearily, "I am utterly tired out, mother! Life actually seems to me to be fast becoming unbearable! Alma worries me with his mischief, and teases Beth, keeping her in a constant fret about something or other, until I am half beside myself sometimes. I wish you would tell me what to do."

Mrs. Goodall took her daughter's hand consolingly in her own and said cheerfully, "You must remember that the first and best lesson to learn is, under all circumstances, the power of self-control; that 'all wise government begins with self-government.' I am afraid, my daughter, that being worried and nervous, you scold Alma too much. If this is the case, you injure both yourself and your children by such a course. I think you expect too much of your little ones. Remember how far we older people are from the perfect pattern which has been set for us, by which we have hoped to shape our lives; and how long a time we have had in which to be learning, compared to that of six-year-old Alma or three-year-old Beth. Do not be so anxious about the conduct and the improvement of your children as to neglect your own self-culture. You must——"

"Oh, for mercy's sake, Mary!" screamed Libbie, "come and get the baby; these little outlaws will kill him and me too!"

And Aunt Libbie rolled on the floor, with Don in

her arms, and Alma and Beth tumbling over her and each other, all in a paroxysm of laughter.

Mary caught up the baby, pulled Beth off, and was about to shake her well and begin scolding Alma when she recollected the words her mother had just said to her, and restrained herself.

"All wise government begins with self-government," she repeated to herself. And then she remembered also that her sister, although a woman, was quite as much to blame as the children were for the racket and rollicking which had been going on. She saw now that what her mother had said was all true, and having some of her mistakes pointed out to her, she began to feel that she should in future be more successful than she had been in training her children.

"I think you might give me one of these babies," said Libbie, when Mary and the children were ready to start for home. "You have more than you can manage, and I have none; and I don't think it's fair. By - bye till tomorrow," and Aunt Libbie threw kisses after them, and Alma and Beth kissed their mittens and threw back in return.

"Why don't Aunt Libbie have any babies, mamma?" asked Alma, trudging manfully beside his mother, and trying to help push the perambulator which contained both Beth and Don.

His efforts to help resulted only in hindrance; and but for the memory of her mother's words, Mary's nervousness would have caused her to speak sharply

to her little son, and perhaps to have slapped his hand to make him keep it off the carriage. But she restrained herself, and said softly:

"You carry the umbrella, can you, dear, and mamma can push the carriage all right."

He took the umbrella his mother handed him, with a glad, little chuckle, but said immediately afterward, "Aunt Libbie wants a baby, mamma. Why don't you give her one of yours?"

"Which one, Alma? You?" asked Mamma Make-home.

"N-no, not me," answered Alma. "Papa wouldn't let me be Aunt Libbie's boy; papa wants me."

"Mamma wants you too," said his mother. "And what about Beth and Don? Don't we want them?" "Yes," said Alma decidedly. "We want Beth and Don. Aunt Libbie can't have one of them; but what will we do for her?"

Next morning loud knocks at the door startled Alma out of his sleep earlier than usual. It was some of his little neighbors with valentines for him and Beth who made the noise. His papa could not help him hurry into his clothes fast enough to suit his eagerness, mamma's services had to be enlisted also. It was St. Valentine's day, and the bright little boy wanted to get all he could out of it.

As he bounded out of doors and began snatching up the valentines that lay scattered about, Cabe South, the little newsboy, called to him from the gate:

"Alma, the Saires are moving; they are going back to Ireland, or somewhere; they don't like here. Come over and see what lots of traps they've got."

It was only half a block and around the corner, and Alma didn't stop to get his cap or mittens, or to ask mamma if he might go. He just ran after Cabe, and in three minutes, or about that length of time, he stood in the presence of the Saires family, who, as Caleb South had said, were moving.

"Traps!" You would have thought so. Piles and bundles of different things heaped up everywhere; some to be taken and some to be sold, and some mere rubbish to be left as it lay.

But what attracted Alma's attention was a strange little roll of something on the floor behind a lot of boxes and chairs. Unlike the bundles around it, that one moved slightly, and one end of it tried to raise up every now and then; and when Alma got pushed along near to it he saw that a pair of very blue eyes looked softly up at him out of the bundle.

Mrs. Saires came near where Alma stood watching the strange little moving thing.

"Ye bit of a mint!" she said to it. "Ye are a love of a honey, ivery inch of ye; and yet if I knowed how to do it honorable, I'd lave ye with these ither useless articles; I would an sure!"

"Here's the papers you wanted for wrapping, Mrs. Saires," said Caleb, edging his way to the lady with a bundle of papers.

"Ye're a good, true boy, ye are, and here's yer money," said the woman, paying Caleb for the papers she had ordered.

"Cabe," whispered Alma, "did Mrs. Saires say she was going to leave that baby here?"

"Said she would if she could honorably," answered Cabe.

"If she could honorably—does she mean if she could sell it?" asked Alma.

"No, she means if she could give it to some one, I guess," answered Cabe.

Alma's heart beat wonderfully quick and his eyes shown like brilliants as he looked up at Mrs. Saires and said:

"I know what you could do with that baby. My Aunt Libbie would be as glad as anything if she could have it."

"An' who's yer Aunt Libbie, dear? She can have it sure, if she wants it," said Mrs. Saires.

"Can she? Will you give it to her?" asked Alma, delighted beyond measure.

"Sure an' I will, an' be glad to; an' I'll give 'er a paper as well, to show as she'll niver be ackst to give it back again," answered the woman.

"Shall Cabe and I take it to her?" asked Alma, trying to pick the baby up, and forgetting all about his valentines, which were scattered about without being noticed.

"No, ye are not strong enough; I'll pack 'er, an' ye

shall show me where to go," answered Mrs. Saires. "Grandpaw," she said, addressing an old man who stood about as if hunting for something to do without discovering it in the chaotic state of things around him, "will ye tend Biddy an' look to things while I'm gone?"

Grandpa nodded assent, and while Mrs. Saires picked up the baby and prepared to follow Alma, he took from a leathern bag which he carried under his coat a smaller bag of cotton cloth, which he placed on the baby as the woman held it in her arms.

"That's for the Aunt Libbie and the child," he said with quivering lips and voice, and tears in his kind, mild eyes. It was quite a long way to where Alma's grandma and Aunt Libbie lived. But he ran along briskly, and Mrs. Saires followed, so they soon reached the place.

Libbie Goodall was "an old maid," rather a young one, but with no intention of marrying. And she did want a baby of her own, as every true woman does. So little Alma had made no mistake in the bargain he had undertaken to make for his aunt, as was soon proven.

Surprised as were his grandma and aunt to see him rushing in bare-headed at that early time of day, their surprise was still greater when he called out:

"Aunt Libbie, here's a baby for you, a real, live baby, for *all your own* forever!"

"Alma Makehome!" exclaimed Grandma Goodall,

catching up the little boy who was now almost breathless with the long run he had taken, "what does this mean?"

"Good gracious!" was all Aunt Libbie found voice for.

"Ef ye plaze, mums " said Mrs. Saires, courtesying, and then taking the seat Libbie offered her, "ye see it is loike thes. Me brether an' his woife baeth doid, an' this swate choild was left, an' havin' one of me owns near the same age, an' five ithers, it's morn' enough for me to look ather thim alls; an' we alls loves the darlint iver so well, for there's nones bether, or iver was; grandpaw—that's me husbant's faither—he thinks an awfu' lot on 'er an' he said thes was for the Aunt Libbie an' the swate lamb," holding up the bag; "an' we want to give 'er to yees, for knowin' that ye could na help to be good toots—; an'for knowin' that we can't do as we would loiks to for 'er; an' we lavin yer town thes blessed day to go Aste, an' to where we're not knowin'; an' I'm jist ready thes minit to go into the court-room wid ye an' git the papers as will bind the darlint to yees by lawfu' right an' ceremony. Now, thin, what do ye think to it?"

Libbie was fairly dazed by this eloquent harangue; but feeling that necessity demanded immediate decision, she asked quickly, "What shall I do, mother?" She did not wait for her mother's reply, for, as she asked the question, the sweet face of the ten-months

old baby girl, with its wondrously beautiful blue eyes, was upturned to her with a look of such gentle confidence that she answered herself promptly.

"I know what to do. I'll take the little treasure and keep it. Oh, you sweet, lovely darling!" she continued, as the baby unhesitatingly put its little hands into her's when she reached for it.

"Come, mother," she said, "let's go and have the papers of adoption made out at once," and she pressed the smiling baby to her heart over and over again, while she rushed about preparing to go to the court with it.

"I think I'd better see that this boy gets home all right," said Grandma Goodall. "His mother does not think of his being here, I know, and she'll be worried terribly about him,"

"We can go to the court-house on the way to Mary's; let's call Mandy and tell her we're going, and then hurry off," said Libbie.

"Grandpaw's prisent will more'n pay for gittin' the papers out. 'ithout doubt," said Mrs. Saires, slipping the little bag, which really contained what must have been a considerable amount in hard cash, into Libbie's hand.

"Good! and many thanks," said Libbie. "It will come very handy right now; don't know how else we could pay for the papers today."

And the money did come handy, indeed. And all other things worked admirably well, for in an un-

usually short time, all the legal business necessary to make the baby as nearly Libbie's own as it could be made, had been attended to, and outside the courtroom Mrs. Saires was taking a warm and a long farewell of her newly-found friends and "the swate lamb."

Alma, who was much interested in all that was going on, especially just then, with some funny valentines which a little fellow had thrown at him, reminded the ladies of his presence by calling out, "Aunt Libbie, didn't you get any valentines this morning?"

"I should think I did get a valentine this morning, Alma," replied his aunt, "a lovely one. Come, let us hurry and tell your mother about it."

Mrs. Makehome had looked for her little boy about the yard, and was thinking to go over to one of the neighbors, where he was sometimes allowed to go and play with the children, when he appeared in the doorway with his grandma's black silk handkerchief tied over his head, and closely followed by that lady herself. Then came aunt Libbie with the new baby.

There was no chance for scolding Alma, even if his mamma had felt it her duty to reprove him for going away without her knowing it.

"Oh, Mary! how shall I ever be grateful enough for such a favor from God?" Libbie exclaimed, after the story had been repeated. "So unlooked for, and I believe I shall actually love the little pet just as much as you love your very own," continued Libbie.

A slight twinge of conscience made Mary wince. Had she always appreciated her best gifts from God as she should have done? she asked herself, seeing her sister's ecstasy.

"Oh, Aunt Libbie!" shouted Alma, letting Beth take which she pleased of the valentines he had collected.

But Libbie did not hear the boy. "Mother," she was saying now, "there never could be anything else half so beautiful as a sweet and lovely-dispositioned child like this! Oh, I never was so happy!"

"Aun-nt Li-ibbie!" screamed Alma, throwing his arms on to her lap by the baby, whereupon the little thing laughed and reached out its hands to play with him. And now Aunt Libbie heard and listened.

"When you tell folks about your baby, won't you remember to say I found it for you?" he asked.

"Won't I remember, Alma!" said Aunt Libbie, kissing the boy two or three times. "Do you think I can ever forget that you brought me my best and sweetest valentine?"



A PRIMARY QUESTION AND ANSWER.

THREE hundred children listening to a visitor's address,
With glowing cheeks and beaming eyes their eagerness express.

"You're greatly blest, dear little ones," exclaims their lady friend;

"How many of you know from whom your blessings all descend?"

Three hundred little hands are raised, sweet is the answer given;

"I know from whom our blessings come—our Father, God, in Heaven.

"I'm very pleased," the friend remarks, "to find that you all know;

For He alone can give good gifts, and blessings great bestow.

"Suppose our homes and all we have were spoiled by wicked men,

And we were put in prisons dark, who would sustain us then?"

Again three hundred hands go up, again in sweet accord,

Three hundred infant voices shout, "I know! I know! The Lord!"

Oh happy mothers! whose pure lips these holy lessons give;

In whose blest offspring's guileless hearts this dauntless faith doth live.

No worldly honor, wealth or fame, can offer such reward

As Zion's mothers claim today, whose children "know the Lord."

TEACH THE BABY GENTLY.

TUNE: "Scatter Seeds of Kindness."

LET us teach the little baby,
How to use its hands aright;
To be always kind and loving,
Never try to slap or fight;
How to pat with fond caresses,
Mamma's face so dear and fair;
And to smooth, like softly combing,
Papa's whiskers and his hair.

[CHORUS.]

Then teach the baby gently,
Then teach the baby gently,
We'll gently teach our baby
To be always good and sweet.

We will teach her to play nicely,
With the kitten and the calf;
And with sweetest hugs and kisses,
We will make her coo and laugh;
We will teach her from the pictures
In our pretty story books,
And we'll show her in the mirror,
How her own, sweet picture looks.

We will teach her to make letters,
With our pencil and our chalk;
To run quick if mamma calls her,
When she's old enough to walk;
We will tell her when she prattles,
Little pleasant things to say;
And as soon as she can whisper,
We will teach her how to pray.

We will teach her of our Father,
In the Heavens high above;
Of His holy angels near us,
Guarding us in tender love;
How His blessed Son, our Savior,
Came and died that we might live;
And if one should hurt our darling,
We will teach her to forgive.



FATHER KNOWS BEST.

DON'T say it, my boy! That toss of the head,
And curve of the bright lip, so full and so red,
Betoken a thought that were better unsaid.
For a time, on those lips let your finger be press'd,
While you pause and consider. Your father knows
best.

He has walked the same path you are treading today.
And knows every point, every step of the way;
Give heed to his warning, let follow what may.
In the future, though often perplexed and distress'd,
You'll concede it was true; that your father knew
best.

If the path of obedience seems hard and long,
It is solid and safe, and will not lead you wrong;
All others are risky, where multitudes throng,
Who sacrifice, often, peace, honor and rest,
For mere, passing pleasures; but father knows best.

The path father walks now, is narrow and straight;
You may cheerfully follow; not stubbornly wait,
But with him be earning a blessed estate.
In naught he condemns are you safe to invest;
True courage is cautious. Your father knows best.

Friends call to you, "Come, all is merry and bright;"
But the way seems uncertain, you can't see it quite;
Take not the first step till you know it is right.
Ask counsel, young man, and let this be the test,
"Does father approve? For *my father* knows best."

Sometime, when death's signet his lips may have
sealed,
With heart deeply chastened, yet softened and healed,
As through the dark shadows your way is revealed,
You can say, still submissive, still grateful and blest,
"*My father* is gone! but OUR FATHER *knows best!*"

THE GREATEST MAN.

Dialogue for Two Little Boys. Characters—John
and Joseph.

Joseph.

SAY, John, there's something I want to know,
More than anything else beside;
Perhaps you'll think it foolishness,
And maybe you'll say it's pride.
But whatever you choose to call it,
Please answer me if you can;
What must I learn as a little boy,
That will make me the *greatest man*.

John.

Well, Joseph, your question is simple,
And easy enough to ask;
But I hardly think to answer it,
Would be so small a task.
The thought of being the *greatest man*,
Is something very high!
A thing I scarce dare hope to reach,
However, I can try.
(*Thoughtfully.*) Have you thought of being a
soldier brave,
And learning how to fight?

Joseph.

Yes, but I don't believe in that;
Papa says it isn't right.

John.

And I think just as your father does;
What about learning law,
And some day being a congressman,
Have you thought of that?

Joseph.

Pshaw!

Long years ago, such things as those
Might have answered well, but now,
I'd rather be a farmer,
And make hay or follow the plow.

John.

That's good! That's just right, Joseph;
And the very best thing for you,
Is cheerfully and faithfully,
Some honest work to do.

Be a farmer or a mechanic,
It doesn't matter which;
But think more of being honest,
Than of ever getting rich.

Be prudent and industrious,
Gentle, polite and kind,
And whatever your parents say to you,
Always be quick to mind.

Learn these things *now*, and do them,
And when you reach man's estate,
There is little fear, if any,
But that you'll be *good* and *great*.

Joseph.

I thank you, John, for your kind advice,
And I'll take it too, you'll see;
An *honest man is the greatest man*,
And that's what I mean to be!



TOO FAST.

Oh daylight! why must you go so soon?
I have not finished my happy play.
Pale is the face of the thin new moon—
Oh joyous sunshine! why can't you stay,
And let night and darkness keep away?
Now to bed and to sleep I must go—
Dreamtime is pleasant and fair and gay.
Chanticleer, hush! it's too soon to crow—
I'm sleepy yet, let the darkness stay;
Haste not to waken me, busy day.
So the days and nights and years go past;
Happy, so happy and glad are they!
But they come too soon and go too fast—
Christmas, June, September and May,
Gone ere I know it! and where away?

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

JEALOUSY and envy are things 'gainst which to strive,

They are like the hateful little weeds that anywhere will thrive.

Yes, anywhere and everywhere they're ready to encroach,

Unless with strong, determined will we cut off their approach.

So rapidly will either spread, from e'en the tiniest shoot,

They're dreadful things to master when once they've taken root;

So cut them down, and dig them out, these hateful, noxious weeds,

And in so doing leave no shreds nor scatter any seeds.

Truth, virtue, charity and love, are like the sweetest flowers,

Which for their bloom need sunshine warm, dew-drops and gentle showers.

These tender, beauteous plants we all should cultivate with care,

And leave no place for poisonous weeds to spring up anywhere.

The more bright, cheerful flowers we plant, and clear
 away the weeds,
 The more room in our hearts we'll find for generous
 thoughts and deeds;
 The more we love and cherish truth, the stronger we
 shall be,
 To overcome the tempter's wiles, and stand from
 errors free.



THE SOUL OF THE BABY.

ONE little head, full of—all sorts of things;
 Two little feet, that can balance on springs;
 One little nose that is fashioned just right;
 Two sparkling eyes that are wondrous bright;
 Two little ears that must listen—and hear;
 Two loving arms to hug mamma dear;
 Two downy cheeks, that are red as a peach;
 Two chubby hands with five fingers on each;
 Or four dimpled fingers, and one dimpled thumb;
 Two rosy lips learning to say, "Papa's come!"
 Two rounded knees that bend meekly each day,
 At morn and at eve, as we all kneel to pray;
 One body filled with one pure spirit sweet,
 Forms the bright soul of the baby, complete,

[With suitable motions this makes a pleasing recitation.]

CORRECT YOURSELF.

Dialogue for Three Children.

First Child.

I SAW a coarse, rough boy today,
So harsh and careless in his play,
He teased and hurt his baby brother,
And vexed and grieved his kind, good mother.
And then he laughed, as though he thought
He'd done the very thing he ought,
To make good fun; but I felt sad,
To see a child so rude and bad;
And I thought this—what e'er I'm at,
I'll mind that I don't act like that;
So kind and gentle I will be,
That all shall love to play with me.

Second Child.

I think that your resolve was fine,
The selfsame sentiments are mine.
I don't like being hurt at all,
But what of those so young and small
That I might push or drive them 'round,
Or knock them to the floor, or ground?
That child you saw was much to blame,
And I should like to cry, for shame

On such a boy! I'll mind that I—
Don't make our darling baby cry;
And mother shall be glad to see,
How kind and thoughtful I can be.

Third Child.

Hush! Let's not talk of others' sins,
Right here, at home, the work begins
Of rooting out all that is wrong,
Of growing noble, wise and strong.
I can reform no other one,
With my own self this must be done;
But my example may inspire
Others to seek for something higher
Than senseless jests, or rough, rude plays,
Or finding fault with others' ways.
To overcome all wrong, I'll try.

First Child.

And so will I.

Second Child

And so will I.



FIRST a grave look, calm and serious;
Now a wondering gaze, mysterious;
Next a smile, and then a laugh—
This is baby's photograph,
Showing us the way of life.

A CHILD'S GOOD-BYE.

Sprightly Recitation, to be done with appropriate expressions and gestures.

I COME to say good-bye;
And the twinkle in my eye,
Is to indicate, though modest,
I am not so very shy.

The times are hard enough,
If we skip across the rough;
And although I would be jolly,
Don't imagine I am "tough."

If I could have the say,
Up and down life's criss-cross way,
It should be, "let's all be happy,
And shun sadness when we may."

When your eyes grow dim and damp,
And you feel like having cramp,
Just straighten back your shoulders,
Shake yourself about and stamp.

Turn your neck, this way and that,
Rub your head, your stomach pat,
And the gloomy things will scatter
Till you won't know where they're at.

Raise both hands, stretch very high,
"Make the little birdies fly;"
And you'll find you can't make tears come,
Not even if you try.

But if still—you're half and half—
Feel as if you'd swallowed chaff—
Just ha, ha, ha! and he, he; he!
Ha, ha, ha, ha! he, he, he, he!

(A genuine hearty laugh should be worked up here.)

Till you've had a roaring laugh.

I suppose it's growing late,
And I ought to close this prate;
But I want to tell you, one and all,
That I just feel first-rate.

Understand, and please excuse,
This light talking, to amuse,
And to leave all with good feelings,
And no shadow of the "blues."
Now I think I've really finished,
So accept my kind adieus.

(Bows right and left, kissing hands to audience and dancing off.)



A WELCOME.

From the Primary Stake Board, Entertaining the Officers of Local Associations. Written for Sister Camilla C. Cobb, President of the Primaries of the old Salt Lake Stake.

May be sung in the tune, "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

OF all the sweet, endearing words,
Poured forth like music of the birds,
From hearts that sing and souls that pray,
In unison, along the way,
Where helpful, gen'rous acts of love,
Make earth akin to heaven above,
The glad word WELCOME, is among
The kindest that can grace the tongue.

And this kind word we speak to you,
Our sister-workers, friends most true,
We welcome you with feelings warm,
Which hold no studied, worldly form;
For, like the "lambs" we're called to feed,
Whose law is love's pure, simple creed,
Our hearts o'erflow—each happy face
We'd kiss, and each loved form embrace.

We know your constancy and care,
The heavy burdens you must bear;
How prayerfully you work to win
Christ's little ones from ways of sin;

Your struggles great we realize,
Your strong, true faith we highly prize;
You have supported our best aims;
Our gratitude, your goodness claims.

While all this we appreciate,
Not farther to elaborate,
A little while we will discard
All weary thoughts of labors hard;
And count this hour a time of rest,
Of peace and joy, divinely blest.
Perhaps, we may not all appear,
Together thus another year.

For Zion's Stakes are spreading wide,
New ones are formed, old ones divide;
So we, who have together striv'n,
And our united efforts giv'n,
May soon be called to other ways;
Which matters not, if all our days
Are still devoted to such moves
As God directs and heaven approves.

Let us be grateful for this day,
Rejoice together while we may;
Praise God for prophets as of old,
His revelations to unfold;
And holy women who have stood
The grandest tests of womanhood;
Thank Him that we may follow on,
Where many noble ones have gone.

Such gatherings as this, perchance,
Are harbingers, which in advance,
Give foretastes of immortal bliss,
Of Father's blessing, Mother's kiss,
In that fair home, to which we all
Shall one day gather, at Their call;
And where each faithful child will find
A loving WELCOME, glad and kind.

NOVEMBER 15, 1899.



TAKE TIME.

TAKE time to smile, 'tis worth your while,
Oh! look not grim and surly;
Bid all the world "good morning,"
With gladness, fresh and early.
Take time to sing, let music spring
From out your soul forever;
There's nothing so inspiring
To brave and true endeavor.
Take time to think, to pause and drink
At nature's richest fountain;
Where her great book lies open,
To take life's full account in.
Take time for prayer, thus vanquish care;
Thank God for all His mercies;
Take time for all but fretting
O'er lost or empty purses.

OUR WORK AND OUR WEALTH.

The Primary Officers' Song.

TUNE: "Annie Laurie."

OUR work is with the children,
They claim our special care;
For them we plan and labor,
With them our lives we share.

We can not, must not shrink,
But humbly act our parts;
For the children's eyes are on us,
And we hold their trusting hearts.

Most sacred is the mission
Our God hath called us to;
No work requires more patience,
More perfect lives and true.

But oh! we cannot fail,
Amid our world of cares;
For the children's faith upholds us,
And they name us in their prayers.

Next to the blessed parents,
Who gave these children birth,
We are their foremost helpers,
Their truest friends on earth.

We seek not worldly wealth,
Our hopes are far above;
We are rich in Heavenly treasures,
For we have the children's love.

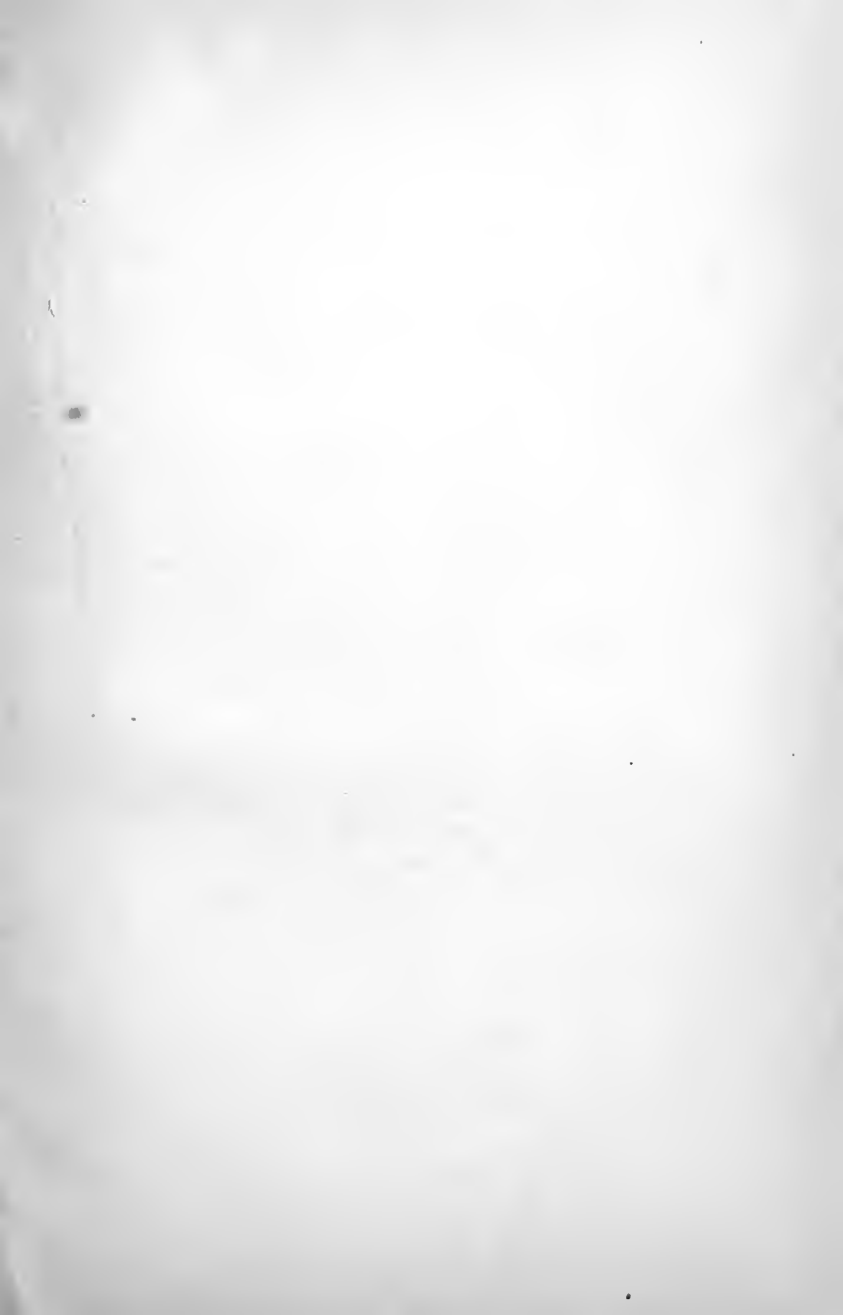
EASTER MORN.

BLESS'D morn! on which we all suppose,
The crucified Redeemer 'rose
From mortal death unto immortal life;
The resurrection thus began,
The new, eternal life for man,
Freed from the dread of earthly pain and strife.

Oh blessed woman! who was first,
When death's cold, icy bands were burst,
To meet the Lord in that lone burial place;
And blessed all, who e'er shall gain
The right to see Him, and obtain
Approval by the smile on His kind face.

Bless'd Sabbath—fairest and most dear!
Haste, haste, oh time! to bring more near
That Easter, or that Resurrection day,
When all our loved ones shall arise
From death's calm sleep, and lips and eyes
Speak love in life that will not pass away.













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